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THE KING OF SWEETS

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The things you can make are endless. You can fill up a large white paper with these Fingerprint Figures and make it into gift wrapping paper. Or do one Fingerprint Figure each on smaller sheets and make that your personal writing paper. You can also make greeting cards and so many other things this way.



PAGE

Farrys
Sweets
and
Biscuits
Everyone



How many hearts do you have?
One I'm sure!
Well the Octopus beats us all—it has 3 hearts!

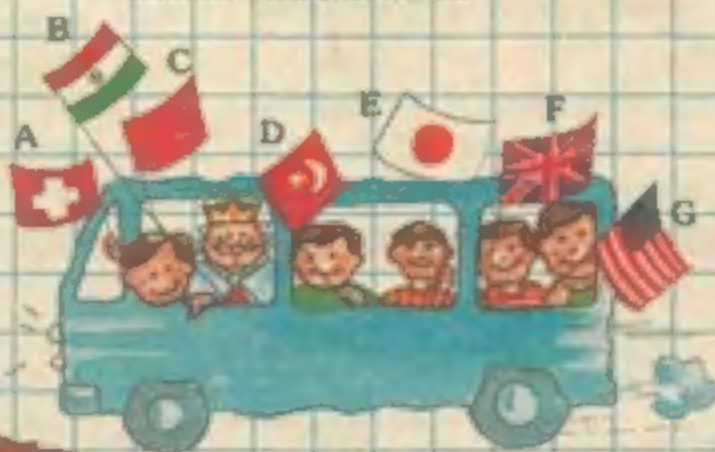
Trees lose water during the day. A large tree might absorb enough water from the ground and out through its leaves, to fill fifty large buckets on a single hot day.

You can see exactly what happens by doing this experiment yourself. Place a plastic bag over the leaf covered branch of a bush. Take a string and tie the opening tightly around the stem and leave it for three days. You will find that a lot of water has collected inside the bag. The hotter the days, the more water there will be.



Did you know

Did you know that even a fish can feel seasick. Just like everyone else! Only they become ill when they are swirled around in a bucket, or kept on board a ship but never when they are in the sea.



KNOW YOUR FLAGS!

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Ans. A — Switzerland, B — India, C — Russia,
D — Turkey, E — Japan, F — England,
G — America



THE KING OF SWEETS



IN THIS ISSUE

Mythology:

The Compassionate Traveller
— In Story of Buddha ... Page 11

Stories:

The Selfish Mango ... Page 19
To Spare You The Trouble ... Page 23
Heera's Catapult ... Page 24
One Man's Greed ... Page 28
The Truthful Jester ... Page 30
The Easy Money ... Page 36
Selfish or Honest? ... Page 39
The Smooth Passage ... Page 45

The Unwarranted Kindness ... Page 46
The Idea ... Page 55
The Royal Dreams ... Page 57
Out of A Coin ... Page 61

Picture Stories:

Nalanda ... Page 18
Saga of Nehru (6) ... Page 51

Features:

What God Cannot Do! ... Page 16
World of Nature ... Page 34
World of Sport ... Page 35

AND News Flash, Let Us Know and More!

NEXT ISSUE

Vol. 19 MAY 1989 No. 11

• **FROM UNKNOWN TO UNKNOWN:**
Prince Siddhartha's quest cannot be satisfied easily. New experiences await him.

• **BIRBAL'S PRESENCE OF MIND**
becomes evident once again in a hilarious story through pictures.

• **Myths and legends from many lands, tips for better English, answers to the questions of the readers and all the other regular features with a bunch of tales — apart from the General Knowledge Supplement.**



GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

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आपत्सु च महाशैलशिला-सङ्घातकर्कशम् ॥

*Sampatsu mahatam chittam bhavatyutpalakomalam
Apatsu cha mahashailashila sanghatakarkasham*

During their prosperity the noble are as tender as the lotus flower; at the time of adversity they stand as unshakable as the hard rocks.

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Controlling Editor :
NAGI REDDI
Founder :
CHAKRAPANI

WELCOME TO BIRBAL

So far you have enjoyed the stories of Tenali Rama and Gopal Bhand, through pictures. With this issue we begin the stories of Birbal.

Birbal was a witty courtier in Akbar's court. But the stories which are attributed to him or to the other famous wits are not necessarily factual. The wit and wisdom of the folks find expression through characters which they love. A funny incident that might have taken place in someone else's life, but it is shifted to either Birbal or Tenali Rama or Gopal. What is important is the lesson we learn from such anecdotes.

Thoughts to be Treasured

I talk of Asia and Europe. But they are just geographical expressions, and the problems that face us are not Asiatic or European problems, but world problems or problems of humanity.

—Jawaharlal Nehru.



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NEWS FLASH



Of Men and Mosquitoes

How do mosquitoes find human beings in darkness and attack them? Recent research shows that man's body temperature and odour stimulate them.

X-Ray Eyes

Other doctors use the X-Ray on their patients when necessary. But Dr. Zhen Xiangling, aged 24, of Beijing, can see the skeletons of men and women without using the X-Ray. His natural eyes have always been like that and nobody can explain why, since his infant days.



The Smallest Man is No More

Little Tony of Scotland, the smallest man in the world (29.5") died at the age of forty-six.

Across the World on Bicycles

Sponsored by the National Cadet Corps, Venkatesh Kamath and Balakrishna of Bangalore completed their 60,000 kms journey across the world. They pedalled for 30,000 kms and covered the rest by sea or air, stretching over nine months, covering 25 countries. In a desert in Egypt, bandits waylaid them, but asked them to sing a song. They sang and received a reward of £20.00 from the bandits!



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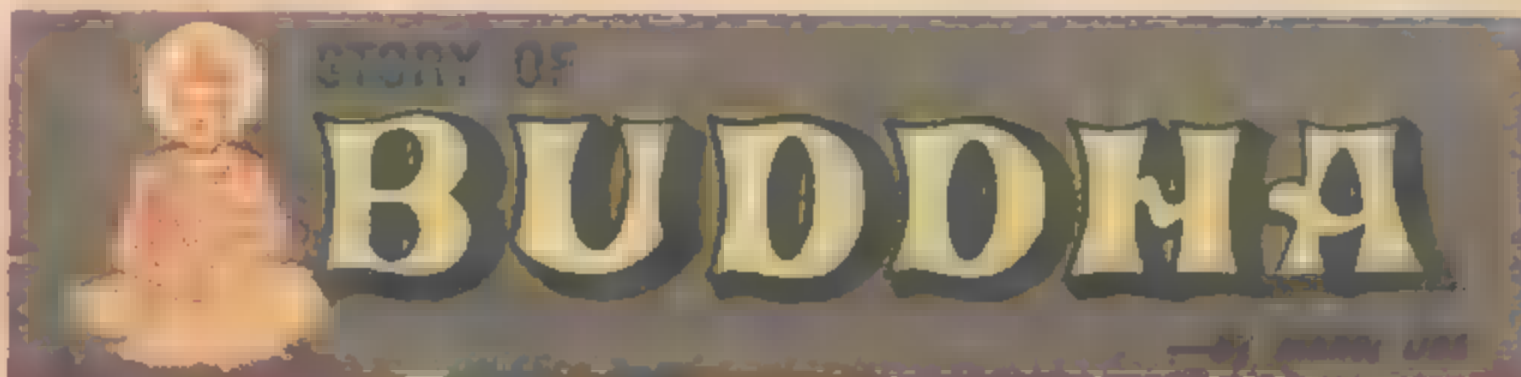
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(Prince Siddhartha, after much deliberations on the problems of disease, old age and death which mar the joys of life, decides to go out in quest of a possible solution to these problems. He leaves the palace one night.)

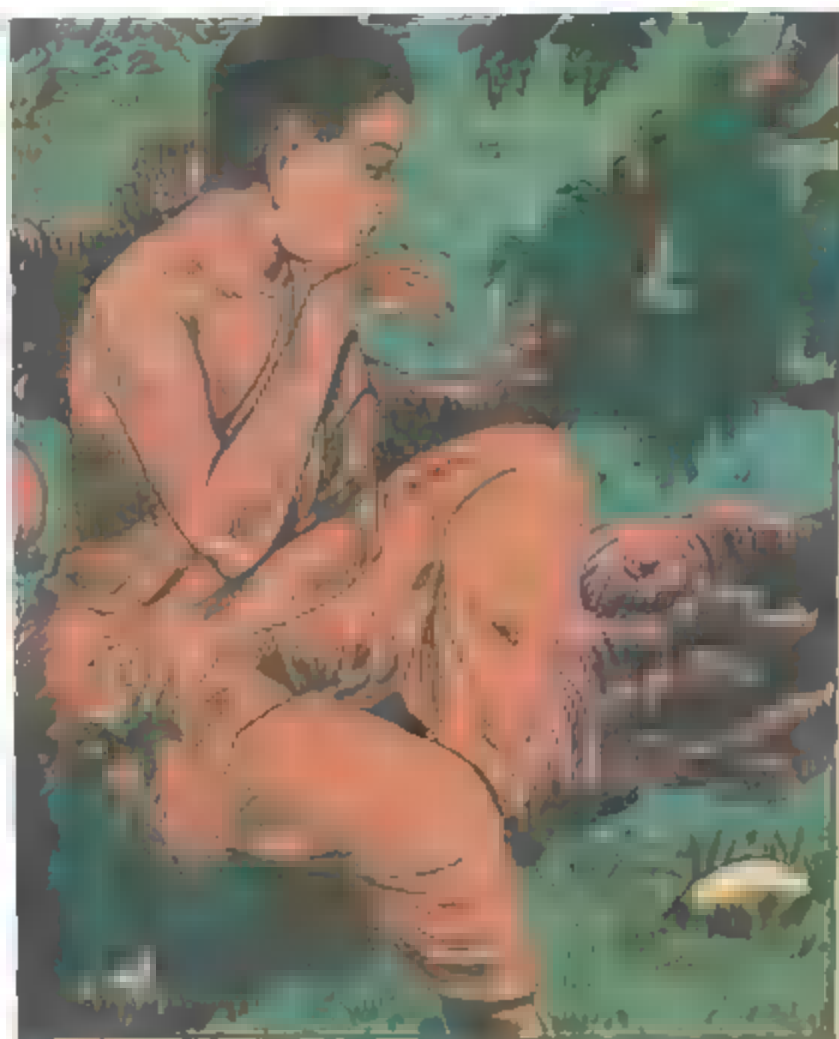
THE COMPASSIONATE TRAVELLER

Siddhartha walked along the river-bank for a while and then took a road passing through a meadow. Dawn was breaking out. From some temple in the village beside the road came the sound of a bell. The breeze was soothing to the body. Birds had begun to circle overhead. Siddhartha felt thrilled.

But what is his destination? He did not think about it for quite some time. It was a totally new experience for him to be alone amidst the wide world — to be able to walk without bodyguards and attendants. For him there had never been an occasion like this.

Someone was singing a song at some distance, a song which





musicians used to recite in his palace. At once he remembered his home — his last glimpses of Princess Yasodhara and the baby prince, Rahul.

He stopped. A mountain of sadness descended on him. He knew that Yasodhara was extremely good-natured. However painful it might be to her, she would understand that her husband was inspired by some great ideal. So far as King Sudhodhana was concerned, he had continued to fear for long that his son might take such a step some day. The king had done everything to prevent the prince from doing so, but his fear must

have partly prepared him to face such a situation!

Thus the prince argued within himself against his feeling of homesickness. But the argument could not drive away the gloom from his mind. They must be looking for him at Kapilavastu. Yasodhara must be crying; the king must be shedding tears, hiding them from others. Should he return home and put an end to their anxiety?

He sat down, lost in his brooding.

"Who are you?" a passer-by asked him.

The question came like a bang on the doors of his mind. Who was he? He had been the prince, the heir to the throne of Kapilavastu for the last twenty-nine years, but where was he before these few years! What would he become once he is dead? Is it not to find answers to such basic questions that he left home? Did he not know that his father and his wife would weep for him? Why then this sadness? Why should the attachment he had developed during the last few years stop him from getting answers to such great questions? What was new about his being a son or a husband or a father? Are

there not countless people in the world who are also sons and husbands and fathers?

With a mighty forceful effort he drove away from his mind the cloud of gloom that had begun to spread. He stood up and resumed his travel.

"Who are you?" the passer-by repeated his question.

"I am a traveller like you, though we seem to be going in opposite directions," replied Siddhartha.

"That does not quite answer my question. Who are you?"

"Well, till the middle of the night that has just passed, I was the prince of Kapilavastu. But, truly, I have no identity now other

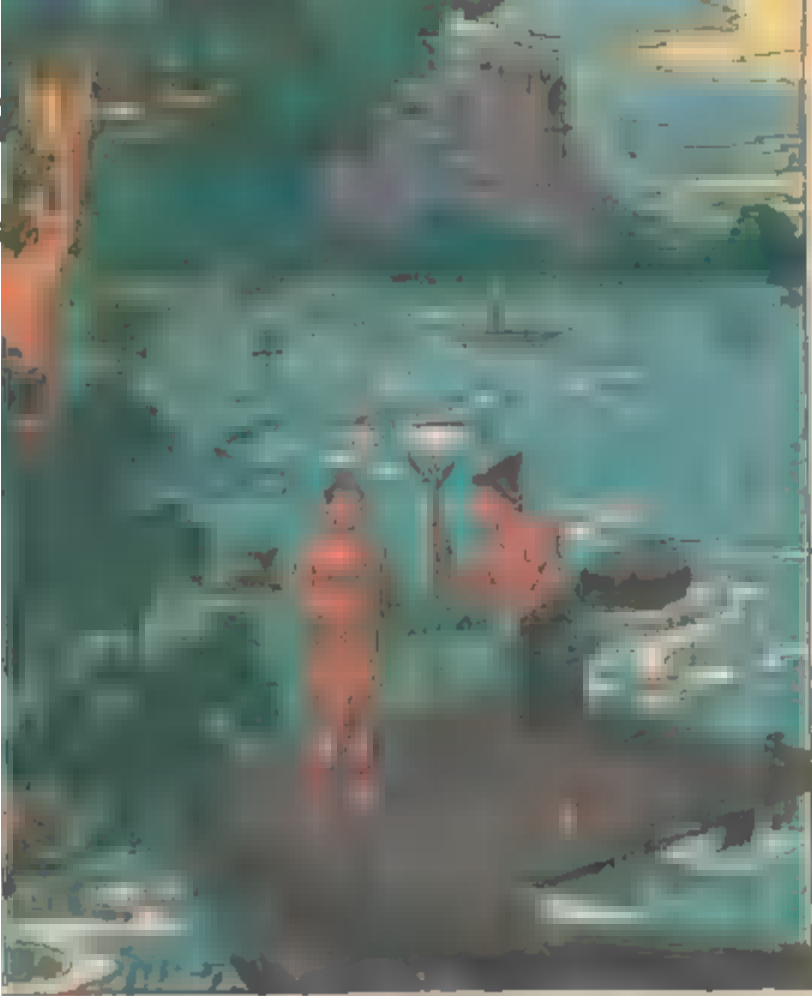
than that of a traveller. I have renounced my title and my claim to the throne. I have decided to lead the life of an ascetic!" said Siddhartha, who was accustomed to speak the truth.

The man was taken aback. He ran toward the village while Siddhartha headed for a river ghat beyond the meadow. The boatman had just boarded his boat and was waiting for passengers.

Siddhartha had made up his mind about his destination. He should go to Rajagriha, the capital of Magadha. Many scholars and holy men lived there. Maybe, he will find his guide among them.

"How far to Rajagriha?" Sidd-





down from the blue!

"May I have the privilege to carry you to the other side, sir?" the boatman asked humbly.

Siddhartha hesitated. He would certainly like to avoid the curious gaze of the crowd, but he was beginning to realise something which he had never realised earlier. He needed money to cross the river!

"But, I have no money to give you," he told the boatman.

The boatman bowed down to him. "Sir, plying the boat for you will be my greatest reward," he said with humility.

Siddhartha boarded the boat. Thanking the boatman, he wended his way to Rajagriha. He would silently stand before a house and the householder would give him food. He would spend his nights in temples or even under trees.

As he entered Rajagriha, he saw a flock of sheep being driven into the city by some shepherds. They whipped the sheep mercilessly if any of them went a little astray.

"Friends, why do you whip them? They must be having great pain on account of your beatings!" said Siddhartha.

The shepherds could not take

dhhartha asked the boatman.

"You have to cross the river," said the boatman. Before Siddhartha had said anything more, a group of men were seen coming towards the ghat in a great hurry. They were attending some morning function in the temple when one of the villagers told them that he had just met with the Prince of Kapilavastu! They had laughed at him, but upon the man insisting that what he said was true, they had come rushing to have a look at the stranger.

And when they looked at Siddhartha, they felt that he was far greater than a prince; he looked like a god who had just come

his question lightly, for Siddhartha's figure and his voice at once inspired in them awe and respect. "Sir, we have to whip them so that they move faster. The king needs them. And it matters little if they feel some pain. In another hour or so they will be sacrificed," informed the shepherds. "The king is performing a certain ritual," they added.

Siddhartha saw a little lamb limping behind the flock. It was whipped frequently because it could not keep pace with the other sheep.

"Let me carry this one," said Siddhartha. He picked up the lamb and followed the flock. Silently they marched towards a royal orchard on the outskirts of the city.

Bimbisara the King of Magadha and his ministers and priests were already there, waiting for the sheep. But the king

surprised to see a stranger of noble mien and rare bearing carrying a lamb. "Why did you take such pains?" asked the king.

"To spare the little lamb of its pains," said Siddhartha with a smile. Leaving the lamb there and greeting the king, he quietly withdrew.

The king stood looking at the receding figure of the stranger.

"My lord, it is time we begin the sacrifice," said a priest.

The king came back to his senses. But to everybody's surprise, he said, "No sacrifice today. The stranger has thrown me into a confusion. The plight of a little lamb could move him to much pity! How can I let the flock be sacrificed? I call off the ceremony."

He turned to his ministers and said, "Find out who the stranger is."

To Continue



WHAT GOD CANNOT DO!



Emperor Akbar was in a happy mood, amused with flattery. A courtier said, "My lord! You are greater than the king."

"You are braver than all the heroes!" said another courtier. Others went on paying similar tributes.



There was pindrop silence. Even Akbar felt embarrassed. One courtier who disliked Birbal stood up.



Birbal stood up and said, "My lord, what is the use of all such statements? You are capable of doing what God Himself cannot!"



"This is blasphemy!" shouted the angry courtier. "We know that our emperor is the greatest emperor. How can you say that he can do what God cannot?"



Akbar said calmly, "Birbal, blasphemy is a sin. And you know, the punishment is severe. I have to throw you out of my empire!"

"My lord!" said Birbal, "What I said is already proved to be correct. You can throw me out of your domain. But can God throw me out of His domain? He cannot, for the whole universe is His!"



The entire court broke into a hearty laughter. Birbal proved his point in his original witty way. The emperor gave him a pat on the back.

NALANDA

This ~~was~~ once India's perhaps the world's largest educational institution. Ten thousand students could study at this residential university.

The site, 90 km south of Patna in Bihar, ~~was~~ hallowed in the memory of the Buddha who preached here. Later, Emperor Asoka built a monastery here. The ruins show large chapels, lecture halls and monasteries. There is a museum exhibiting the excellent finds of this place.

Hiuen Tsang, the great seeker from China, visited this site in the first half of the 7th century. He had seen here a copper image of the Buddha, eighty feet in height. There was a special hostel here for the students from Java. Among the students coming from the other countries were those from Tibet and China.

A big fire destroyed it. That was perhaps the mischief of some invaders.



THE SELFISH MANGO

Mr. Gardener owned a big farm-land. He wanted to grow a variety of fruit-trees and make a beautiful orchard.

He planted apple, orange, lemon, plantains and several other plants. He also nurtured a special mango plant.

He spent almost his whole day in his orchard, looking after each plant. He would dig the ground, mix the manure with the earth, pour water and prune the plants.

Though he loved all his plants, the mango plant was very dear to his heart. Lovingly he called it 'Baby Mango'. Gently he would touch her, stand before her a little longer and dream how she would appear as a grown-up tree.

As days passed, all these little plants grew into lovely young trees. He was very proud and happy with all of them.

But when he looked at the Baby Mango, he was very sad and








upset. She hadn't grown at all. Rather she looked emaciated.

So he gave her more attention. He fed her with the best of manures, poured plenty of water for her to drink and nursed her with great care.

But Baby Mango did not show signs of improvement.

The young lemon plant asked her one day, "Baby Mango, are you all right?"


"I am all right?" she replied.

"Then why do you look  dry and sad? Look at  and all your other companions. We all have grown so big and green. We  blossoming in response to the call of the sunlight and dancing to the

music of the breeze. Why don't you too grow like us?"

"What's the use?" answered the Baby Mango in a sad tone, casting her weak eyes on the ground. "It's useless to grow!"

"Useless to grow? What do you mean?" the young Lemon asked her with some surprise.


"You  are fools. One day you will repent for growing," the Baby Mango warned her.

"I don't understand you, dear Mango. Why do you say so?"

"Listen," she explained. "You eat the manure root-full, drink water upto your leaves and go on growing. Once you start producing your fruit, that gentleman, Mr. Gardener will pluck them. He will cut them or crush them or squeeze their juice out. Is it for this that I must grow?"

The young Lemon listened to her in great wonder.

Baby Mango went on, "I know these cunning people. I will not allow them to cheat me. If I too grow like you, one day naughty boys will throw stones at my fruit. How I will bleed! They will strip me of my tender leaves for their goats to chew them."

She continued in  low voice, "Finally when I become old and

useless, they will axe me down. My hands, stomach and legs will be brutally sawed into pieces. Then the carpenter will peel off my skin. How it will pain! It's terrible! I just can't imagine those horrible days ahead." The Baby Mango began to cry.

The young Lemon understood her fears, knew the reason why she was not growing. Rather she had refused to grow.

"Baby Mango, I understand you," the young Lemon said in a soothing voice. "I tell you, you are absolutely wrong. You are selfish in your thoughts. Are we all not born to grow into big trees, to bear plenty of fruit and make

others cheerful? The natural law is, when we make others happy, we will be happy. That should be our aim in life. Is it not for this that God created us? But if we refuse to grow, we would certainly die!"

But the advice did not mean much to the Baby Mango.

The young Lemon went on counselling her, though in vain.

Soon every tree in the orchard came to know of the Baby Mango's point of view. All of them tried to persuade her to grow. But she refused to change.

They stopped talking to her.

One morning all the trees saw Mr. Gardener entering the or-



chard looking very sad. In his hand he carried a deadly weapon, the axe.

All the trees stood frightened. They all wondered what their good master was going to do.

Mr. Gardener walked slowly and came close to the stunted Baby Mango. He muttered out, "Baby Mango, I gave you so much time. But you did not grow at all. I cared for you in a special way. I gave you the best of everything. But what's the use?"

The Baby Mango began to tremble, apprehending danger. With folded hands, she pleaded for mercy and asked him to give her one more chance.

But since she was so weak, Mr. Gardener could hardly hear her feeble voice.

Raising his sharp axe, he felled

her. Then he cut her into pieces.

That was a sad day in the orchard. All the trees wept, as they saw their young companion's misfortune.

A few days later the dry limbs of the Baby Mango were thrown into a fire. At this funeral, Mr. Apple Tree addressed the other trees, "My dear friends, today we all are sad at the death of our dear Baby Mango. But I must say that she herself invited her death. Yet she has taught us one great lesson: if we live for others, we will be happy: if we exist only for ourselves, we will soon perish."

All the trees waved their tender, green branches in approval of the words, as a gentle breeze passed over them.

— F. M. Britto



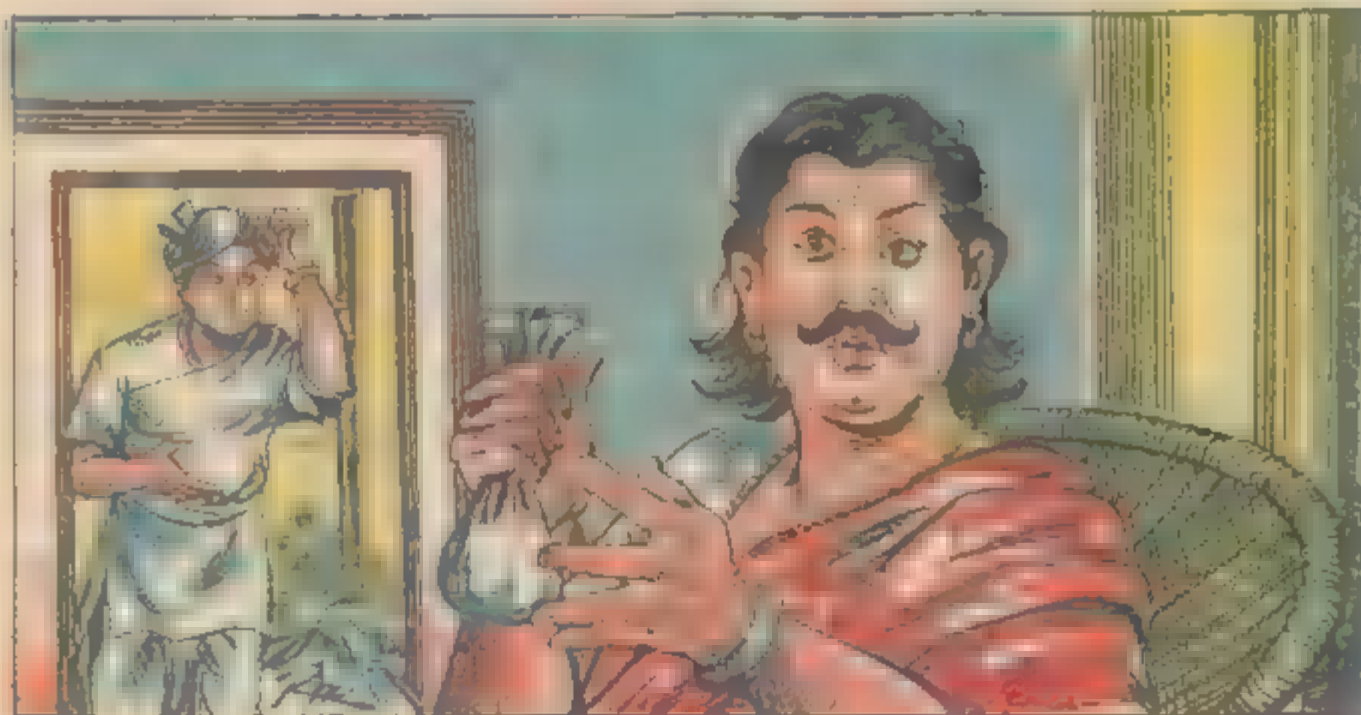
TO SPARE YOU THE TROUBLE

Pratap Vardhan, the landlord, was pleasantly surprised when his washerman handed over to him a pouch containing twenty rupees. "Sir, I found this in the pocket of your shirt when I was about to dip it in the water!" the washerman said. The man's honesty impressed the landlord. He gave a reward of ten rupees to him.

A month later, after giving his soiled clothes to the washerman, the landlord remembered that there was an amount of ten rupees in the pocket of one of his shirts. He was about to send for the washerman when the washerman appeared there and beamingly handed over an amount of five rupees to him.

"But wasn't there an amount of ten rupees in my pocket?" asked the landlord.

"Of course, there was. ■■■ I deducted my reward from it, to save you the trouble!" said the washerman, saluting him.



HEERA'S CATAPULT

When Heera, the beautiful daughter of the headman of the village Sonepur was a baby, she was very fond of shooting pebbles from her catapult and bring down mangoes.

"It does not behove of a girl to use a catapult!" her mother would tell her.

"Who knows, some day the practice may prove helpful to me!" Heera would reply. "In any case, I do not intend to harm anybody with my catapult," she would add.

As Heera grew up, she became the talk of the kingdom. Whoever saw her said, "I've never known another girl as beautiful as Heera!"

It was a stormy night. The wind howled and the rain made such a sound that one could not hear if a neighbour called for help. Heera's father was not at home. Suddenly some ghastly looking fellows entered their house. Their leader caught hold of Heera and said, "Indeed, such a beautiful girl I have never seen!" He began



to drag her. Heera's mother shrieked in horror. But she could not cry louder than the mad wind of the night. Heera was kidnapped.

In the morning the villagers went to the king and told him about the sad occurrence. The king said, "We know that a ferocious gang of bandits is operating around the forest. But try as we may, we have not been able to locate its hideout. But we will do our best."

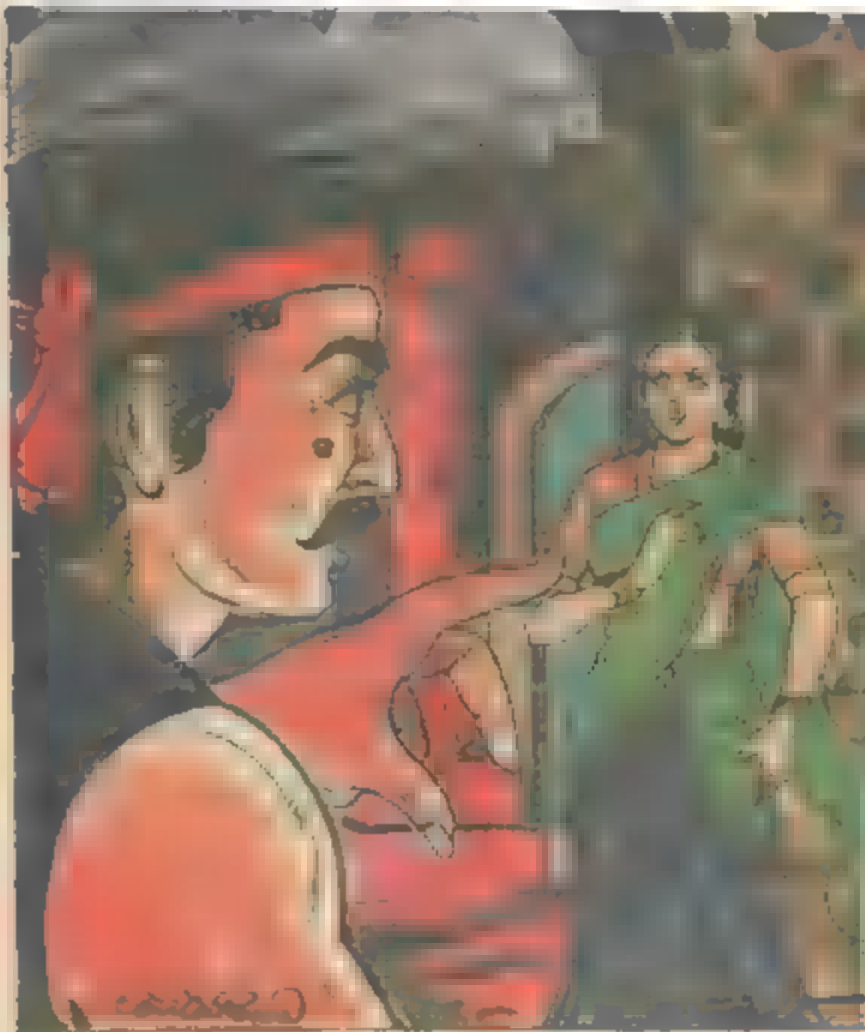
The bandits blindfolded Heera and carried her into the forest. When the cover was removed from her eyes, she found herself in a stone-house. A young man, muscular and very stout, was gazing at her. His eyes burnt like those of a tiger.

"Ha ha! I propose to marry you," said the young man.

"But I don't propose to marry you!" retorted Heera.

"You must marry me. You cannot escape from this house. Such is the situation of this house and the caves around it that nobody can ever see it from outside. Nobody outside my gang knows that such a secret place exists inside this range of hills!" boasted the bandit-chief.

Heera wept. "Call me when you



have finished weeping," said the bandit-chief and, after another resounding laugh, left the room.

"My daughter!" Heera heard the voice of an old man. "Agree to marry him; otherwise you will be in trouble."

Heera gave a thought to it. When the bandit-chief met her again, she said, "Give me a month to make up my mind."

The bandit-chief was happy. He thought that her mind was beginning to change. "I give you a fortnight. A month is too long a time," he said.

Heera smiled and that made the bandit-chief even happier.

Watch on Heera was slackened.

Heera observed and saw that the citadel of the bandits was situated inside a large gorge. There was only one opening and when the bandits went out for their nefarious business, they shut the opening, leaving a small gap through which only a bird could fly!

Heera stealthily made a catapult and waited. Whenever the bandits were gone, she gazed through the gap towards the hills till her eyes pained. Day after day passed — fourteen days!

"One day more and" the bandit-chief looked at Heera meaningfully.

Heera smiled with great effort. But once the chief was gone, she

wept bitter tears.

It was the last day of the fortnight. The bandits were out. Heera kept gazing at the hills, while crying. She saw a rider galloping through a pass. She had kept her catapult ready. She had put down a brief account of her plight on a scrap of paper and rolled the paper round a pebble. She shot the pebble at the rider. It struck him on his left arm and fell down.

Surprised, the rider stopped. He saw the pebble packed in a paper lying on the stones. He dismounted and picked it up and read it. He slowly descended to the gorge and approached the



gap. Heera had observed how the bandits used to remove the huge boulder. She shouted out her directions to the stranger while lending her hand from inside. The boulder was removed. Heera was outside the gorge. There was time to lose. The stranger, a handsome young man, led her to his horse. They galloped away as fast as they could.

The stranger delivered Heera to her parents and sped away before anybody knew who he was.

Next day news reached the village that the hideout of the bandits had been raided and the entire gang had been captured! Great was Heera's joy and great was the joy of everybody else.

The day after that, news of the king himself visiting Sonepur reached the village. The villagers lined on both sides of the road. The headman, Heera's father,

stood ready to receive the king.

The old king arrived in due time. "Who is Heera?" he asked. The headman produced his daughter before him. The king smiled and said, "What a sweet and brave girl! Won't you like to become my daughter — I mean my daughter-in-law?"

Heera blushed and fixed her eyes on the ground. Heera's parents were only too happy to agree to the king's proposal. And the villagers were proud that one of their girls was going to be the future queen of the land!

But imagine the joy of Heera when she saw the prince who was none other than her rescuer! The prince was himself roaming the hilly forest, donning the clothes of a commoner, to get some clue to the hideout of the bandits. He got it — rather the clue was catapulted to him!

— Sunanda Reddy



ONE MAN'S GREED

In one of the small islands lived Tiniran and his family. A son was born unto him. He was named Tuhuruhuru.

Tiniran thought it proper to call a magician who would recite some incantations on the child so that the child is not harmed by any evil power. Luckily a magician from a neighbouring island, Kae by name, had come to their island but was unable to return home because his raft had sunk.

Kae came and recited the necessary incantations on the

child. After that he lamented the loss of his raft; he was very sad that he was unable to return home.

"I have a pet whale. It can carry you close to your island. When it will feel the earth under it, it will give you a shake. You should then jump down and plod your way to the shore."

Kae agreed to the proposal very happily. Tiniran called his pet whale and assigned it the task of carrying Kae to his island-village.

The whale swam through the



sea. As the island-village neared it, it gave a shake. But Kae did not jump off. The whale gave a shake several times. But Kae pressed its blow-hole. As a result the whale died.

Kae shouted for his men. They came and dragged the whale ashore. They cut it to pieces and roasted its meat and feasted on it.

When the whale did not return, Tiniran and his people grew very sad. By and by they came to know what the magician had done to the whale. They were determined to avenge Kae's treachery and cruelty. Forty women boarded a boat and approached the island-village of Kae. The women had been told that they were to know Kae from his terrible-looking teeth. They kept dancing and singing funny songs so that everybody in that island would laugh and they would see their

teeth.

Everybody laughed, but one. At last he too laughed and the women knew that he was Kae. They sang on sweetly, sweetly, sweetly till the islanders fell asleep. Kae was no exception.

They carried the sleeping magician to their boat and then returned to their own island. In the morning Kae found himself a prisoner.

When Kae's men learnt that their chief and their magician had been kidnapped, they attacked Tiniran's village. In the battle that followed, both the warring parties were totally destroyed.

The two small islands remained deserted and haunted for long.

The Polynesians still remind themselves through this ancient legend, how a single man's greed destroyed so many, because his own people shared his crime instead of protesting against it.



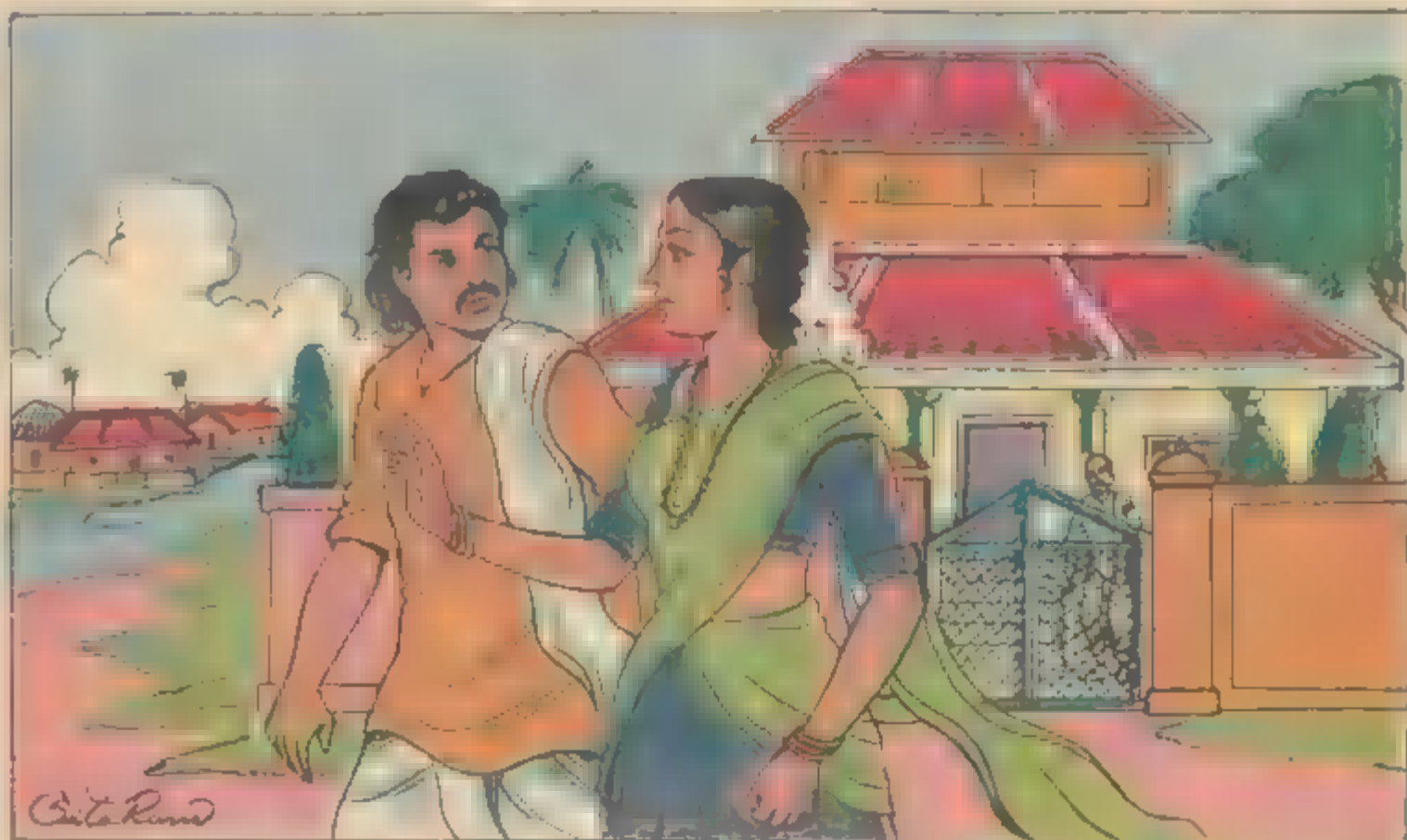
THE TRUTHFUL JESTER

Ramdas was a good man and a Vaishnav. According to the discipline followed by the orthodox Vaishnav, he was not only a pure vegetarian, he refrained from taking even onions and garlic.

Ramdas, however, was a poor man. But this poor man had a daughter named Kumari who was as beautiful as a fairy. She was his only child. Once when Kumari was returning from her maternal uncle's house, along with her uncle, a wealthy landlord of a dis-

tant village happened to see her. The landlord found out whose daughter she was. The very next day the landlord's messenger met Ramdas with the proposal that Kumari be married to the landlord.

"Look here, Ramdas, you are poor and you would have nobody in the world to look after you once your daughter is married. But if your daughter is married to the landlord, he will take care of you," said the messenger. "Coming Monday is an



auspicious day. Without any hesitation, come along to our landlord's house along with your daughter. The wedding will be performed entirely at the landlord's cost. You have nothing to worry about," the emissary added.

"But I have never known him!" said Ramdas.

"A landlord is ■ landlord. How many can claim to have a landlord for a son-in-law? He is young and is almost like ■ god," said the emissary.

"But we are Vaishnavs. We don't eat fish or meat or onions or garlic," said Ramdas.

The emissary laughed and said,

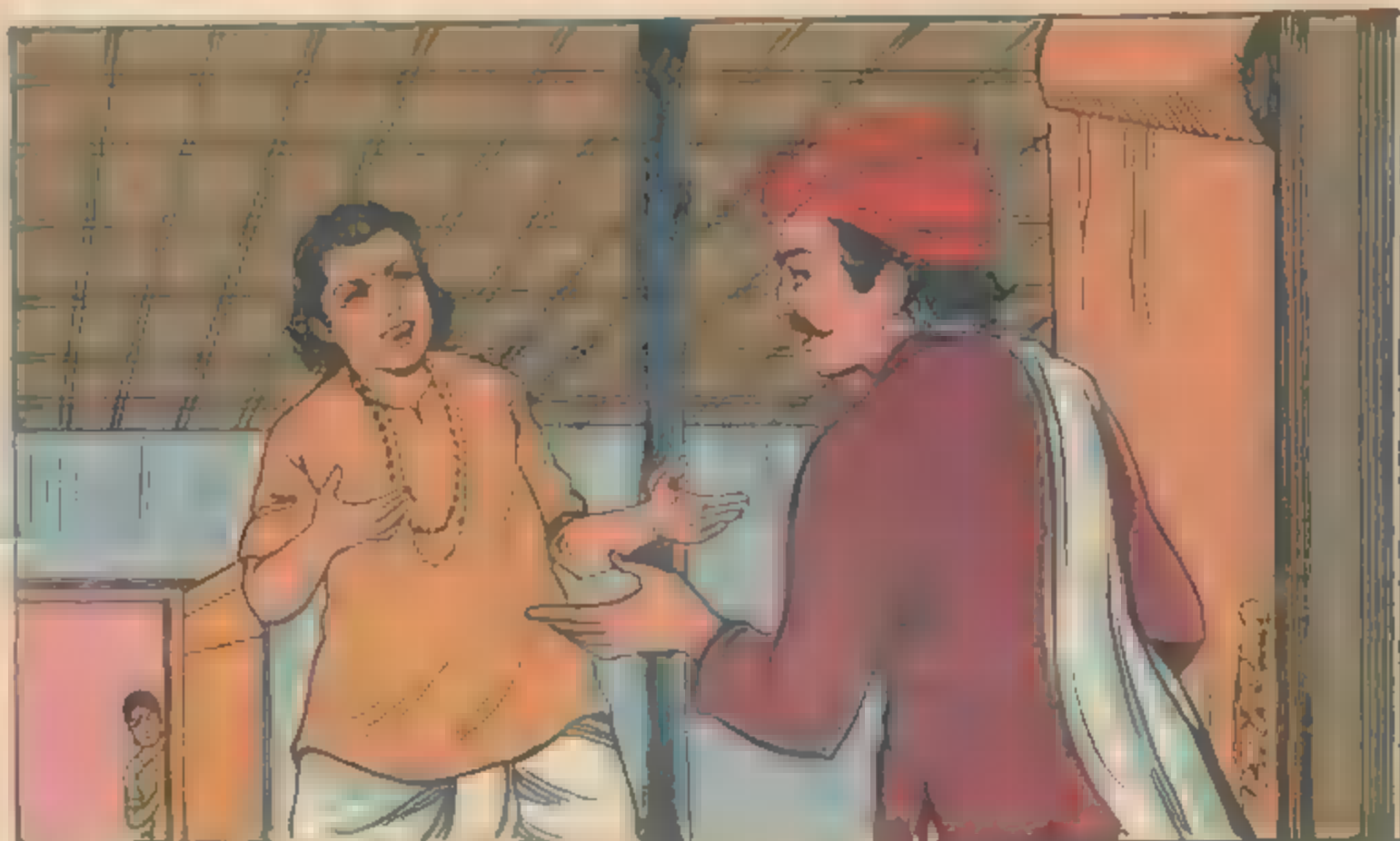
"You will be happy to know that ■■ landlord too is ■ vegetarian!"

Ramdas was quite impressed. Nevertheless, he decided to send ■ friend to meet the landlord and find out the facts about the young man. He requested Gopal Bhand to accompany the emissary to the landlord's house.

"Gopal, promise me that you will report the truth to me," Ramdas said. Gopal promised.

On their way the emissary flattered Gopal and told him, "I will make our landlord pay you two hundred rupees if you promise to report to Ramdas that whatever I have told him is correct."

Gopal promised.



On reaching the landlord's house, Gopal saw that he was an uncouth-looking old man and he did not practise anything of the discipline of a Vaishnav. But the landlord, extremely keen to marry Kumari, gave him the money promised by the emissary and gave him two hundred rupees more and said, "Please promise that you will tell Ramdas everything good about me."

"I promise. But you see, sir, nobody in this world is a man of all virtues and no defects. I must report at least one defect and all that goes with it. Only then Ramdas will believe my report," said Gopal.

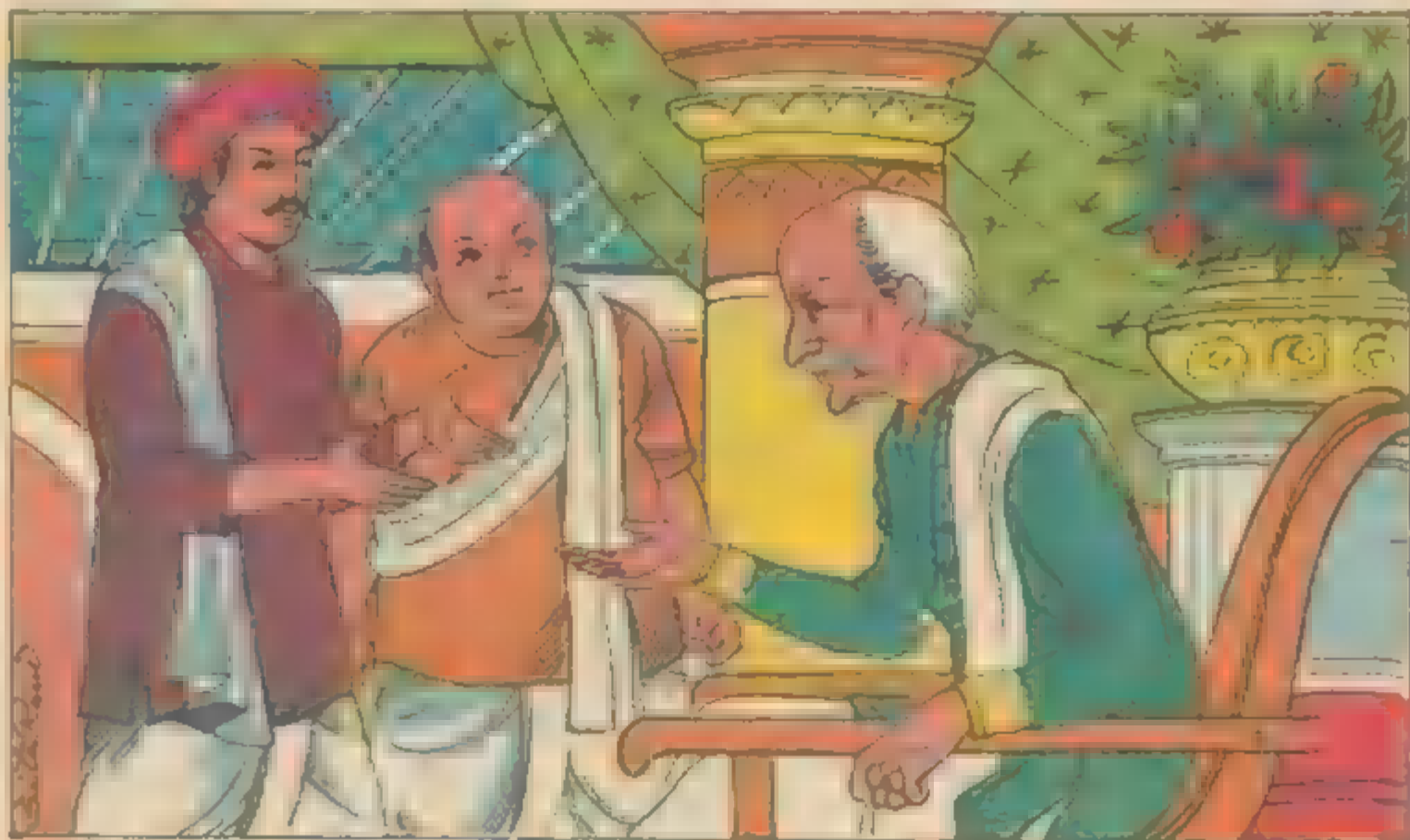
"You are right. But what defect of mine are you going to report?" the landlord asked with apprehension.

"Don't worry on that account. I will say that your only vice is, you do eat onions and garlic — and all that goes with that...."

The landlord laughed. "You say that. That is hardly a vice. There is nothing much that goes with it except that my mouth smells," he said, paying Gopal yet another hundred rupees while bidding him goodbye.

Gopal returned with five hundred rupees — sum of money that meant a fortune in bygone days!

"Remember your promise to



me," the emissary reminded him. "You must not contradict a word of what I have said."

"I will not contradict you. I will only justify all you have said," promised Gopal.

Gopal was back with Ramdas the next day. Several villagers were waiting to hear his report. "Tell me the truth, Gopal!" The honest Ramdas was all agog with curiosity.

"All is well with the landlord. He has only one defect. He takes onions and garlic," said Gopal.

"I see!"

"Not always, but only during his lunch and dinner when he has plenty of meat to eat!"

"Oh God!"

"You have to be reasonable. Onion and garlic have their virtues. They stop the smell of wine from reaching others!"

"Oh God! But the emissary

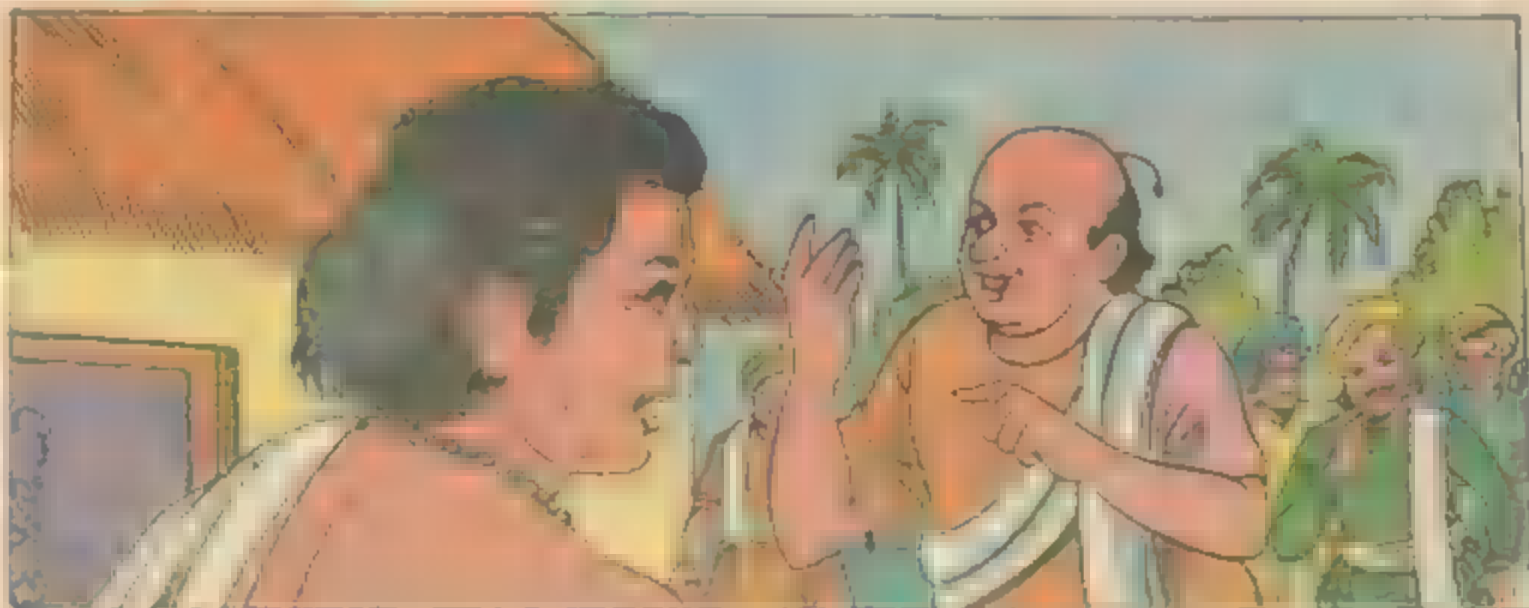
said that he was...."

"The emissary has not said anything wrong. There are not many fathers who can claim to have a landlord for a son-in-law. So far as this landlord is concerned, there are only five fathers who can claim him as their son-in-law. You may become the sixth father, if you so please!"


"But the emissary said that he is young..." remembered Ramdas with surprise.

"Don't forget that the emissary also said that he was almost like a god. Gods live forever. Is seventy-three years a great age for a god?" asked Gopal.

The villagers who were listening to Gopal burst out laughing. Ramdas patted Gopal on the back and said, "Thanks, Gopal, for checking me from taking a wrong step."




TAILOR BIRD



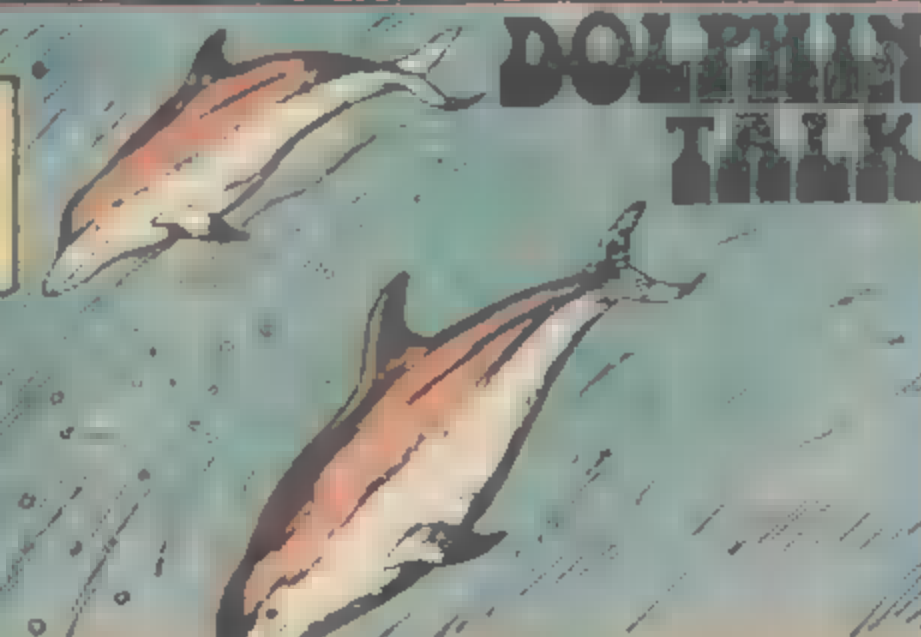
THE TAILOR BIRD IS SO CALLED BECAUSE IT STITCHES TOGETHER TWO LEAVES TO BUILD A NEST. A SERIES OF CLOSELY SPACED HOLES ARE PIERCED ALONG THE EDGES OF THE LEAVES AND PLANT FIBRES PULLED THROUGH TO DRAW THE LEAVES TOGETHER. THE INSIDE IS THEN FILLED WITH SOFT PLANT DOWN AND FINE GRASSES.

HIGHEST WATERFALL



THE WORLD'S HIGHEST WATERFALL IS THE 3,212 FT. (979M) HIGH **ANGEL FALLS** IN VENEZUELA. IT WAS ONLY DISCOVERED IN 1935.

DOLPHIN TALK



DOLPHINS CAN "TALK" TEN TIMES FASTER AND AT A TEN TIMES HIGHER PITCH THAN HUMANS.

TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE

PERSONALITY OF THE
MONTH FROM HISTORY



TEGH BAHADUR

On the 1st of April in the year 1621 Tegh Bahadur, who was to be the ninth Guru of the Sikhs, was born at Amritsar. He was the son of Guru Hargobind, the sixth Guru. From his childhood Tegh Bahadur was found to be a boy of many interests. On one hand he passed hours in meditation, on the other hand he mastered subjects like history, literature and mathematics easily. He also was well-versed in music and poetry. At the same time he mastered the use of weapons and was an expert rider of horses. Upon the death of Guru Harkishan in 1664, Tegh Bahadur became the Guru. He toured many places and held prayer meetings. He was the founder of Anandpur, a new town.

By then the Mughal Emperor Aurangzeb now let loose a reign of terror. He was forcing the Brahmins to embrace Islam. Some of them appealed to Guru Tegh Bahadur to protect them. At the Guru's advice, they told Aurangzeb that they would embrace Islam, only if Tegh Bahadur can be converted. Aurangzeb arrested the Guru and told him that either he should embrace Islam or perform a miracle. He refused to do either. He was killed on November 11, 1675.

WHO IS HE?

A young man was walking through a deserted field, avoiding the public road. In fact, the king's sepoy's were looking for him. He had incurred the king's wrath.

At one place, he saw a lean and thin, bare-bodied Brahmin sprinkling some kind of water at the roots of the grass of a variety, the leaves of which were sharp.

"What ~~was~~ you doing?" the young man asked.

"I'm throwing this sweetened water at the roots of the grass so that ants will be attracted and eat into the roots," replied the Brahmin.

"But why?" asked the curious young man.

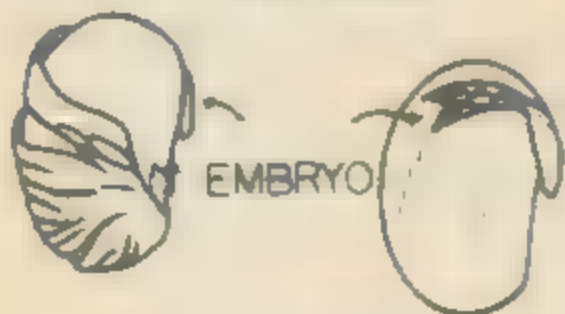
"Because one of these leaves hurt my sole. It bled!" replied the Brahmin, "I want to destroy them all," he added.

The young man found the Brahmin to be a man of determination. The Brahmin too had been insulted by the king. The two became friends.

Though this is a mere legend, this is a popular picture of the character of the Brahmin. Who is he?

See Page No VIII

JOYS OF SCIENCE



IN A SEED

Directions :

Soak ■ few Lima beans or some other large dry beans overnight or longer in some water. Then remove the softened, wrinkled seed coat and carefully separate the two halves of the bean. Do you find something small between the two halves? Can you see the parts of this well enough to tell what they are? If you have ■ magnifying glass, you might want to use it to see better.



What happens and why?

A small, underdeveloped plant is found between the two halves of the bean. It is called an embryo. If you look closely, you can see two tiny leaves and a stalk like structure. With good eyes or the help of a magnifying glass, you might also see the veins in the leaves. Perhaps you've seen the embryos in peanuts when you've been eating them and wondered what they were.

A close look at the stem of the tiny embryo should show where they are attached to the halves of the bean. When the embryo grows, the bottom of the stem-like structure becomes its stem and main root, and the halves of the bean look like odd-shaped, thick leaves as they open up above the ground. Actually, these are known as seed leaves, but their chief purpose is to serve the embryo as a source of food until it grows enough to make its own.

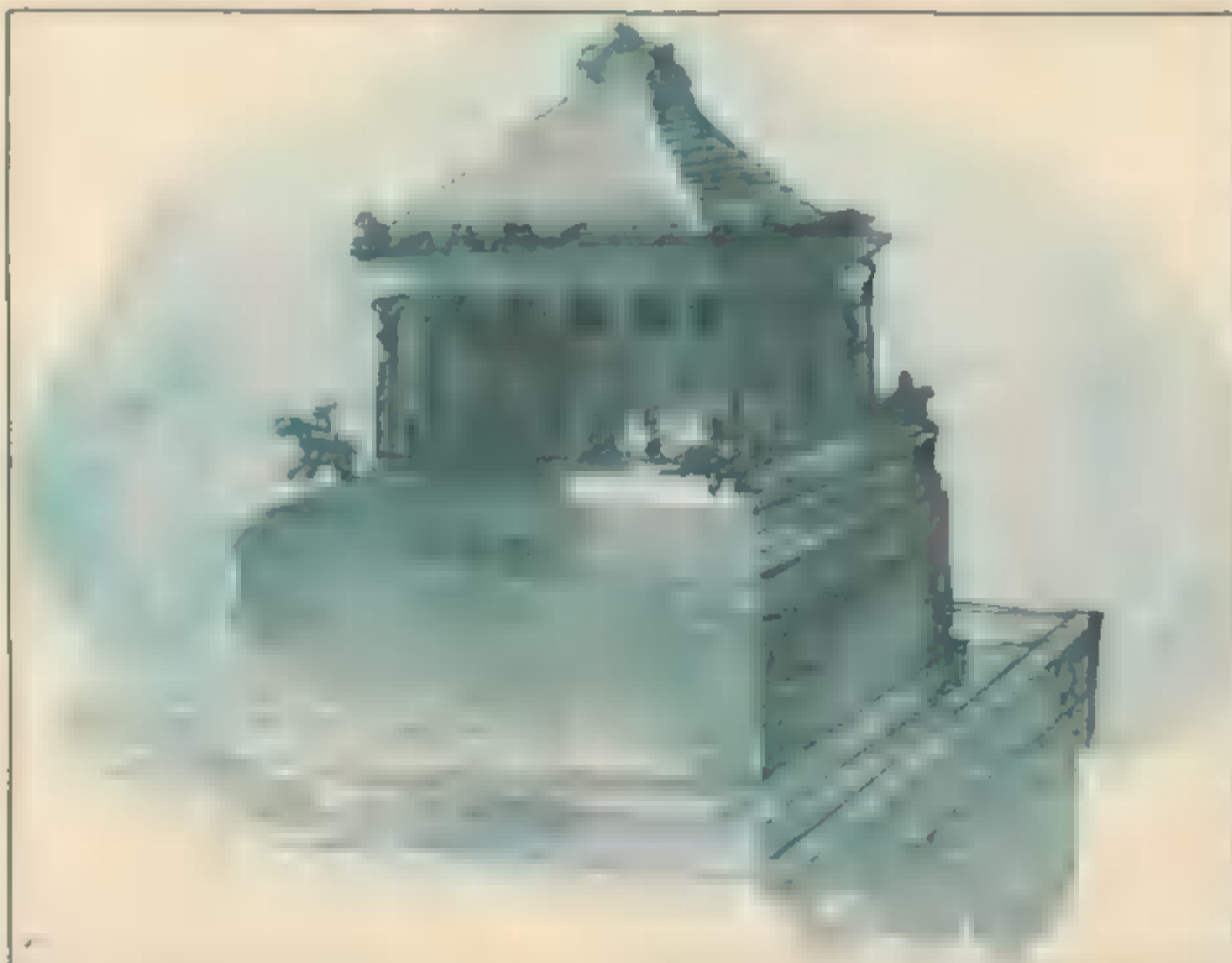
Beans are seeds, and like eggs, they have embryos, but in most seeds the embryos are too small to be seen this way. Why not plant a few soaked bean seeds and watch them grow?

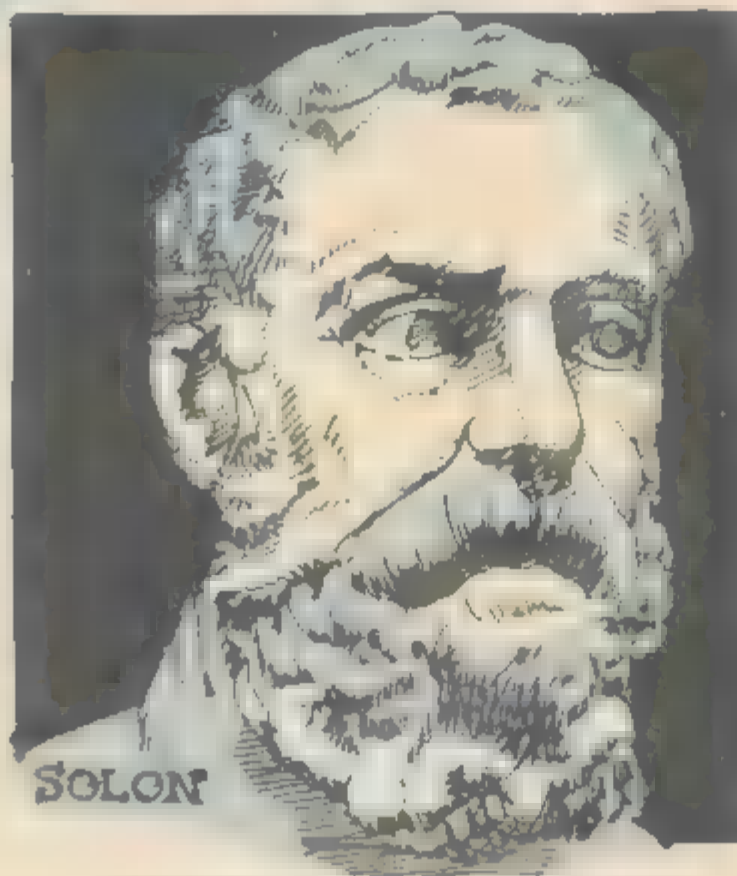
Some seeds don't have two halves like bean seeds, but some do. How many can you find or think of that have two halves like peanuts and beans?

WONDERS OF THE WORLD

THE MAUSOLEUM OF HALICARNASSUS

Two thousand and five hundred years ago — and before that, there was ■ beautiful city on the shores of the Aegean Sea. Its name was Halicarnassus. It was ■ colony of the Greeks. A magnificent monument was erected in this city, over the tomb of King Mausolus of Caric, by his widow Queen Artemisia. The esplanade that surrounded the monument measured over three hundred feet on each side. The monument was a marvellous site and was considered one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. The monument had been built in the 4th Century B.C. In the A.D. 4th century the Turks destroyed it.





THE RICHEST MONARCH HUMBLED

In the 6th century the kingdom of Lydia (in Asia Minor) was ruled by Croesus, believed to be the richest man that ever lived. To this day Croesus, is a synonym of the wealthy. Rich as Croesus is a phrase which means extremely wealthy. At that time there lived a philosopher called Solon. One day Croesus called himself the happiest man, because he could have all his wishes fulfilled through money and power. But Solon told him gravely, "Call no

man happy until he is dead!" Croesus did not like the philosopher's statement.

Croesus believed in the Oracles or the prophecies made by the priests at Delphi. He was planning to conquer Persia. He wanted to know from Delphi what will be the outcome of his expedition. The Oracle said that if he marched on Persia, a prosperous land will be destroyed. Croesus took it for granted that Persia will be

destroyed. He led an army of 4,20,000 foot-soldiers and 60,000 horsemen to conquer Persia, but was defeated. Lydia was destroyed! He was captured. The King of Persia, Cyrus, ordered him to be burnt alive. His hands bound he was taken to the pyre. He cried out, "O Solon!" Cyrus who heard him asked him why he remembered Solon. Croesus told Cyrus what the philosopher had once told him and how true it was!

Cyrus was moved to pity. Instead of killing Croesus, he accepted him as his friend.



LET US PEEP INTO INDIA'S PAST



1. How much money did the East India Company pay to buy three villages which later became Calcutta?
2. Who was the seller?
3. Who was the buyer on behalf of the Company?
4. What were the names of the villages?
5. Which famous city of today had been called "Heptanesia" which means a group of seven isles, by the Greek historian Ptolemy?
6. Who were the first foreigners to become owners of Bombay?
7. Who was the General to take possession of Bombay and when?
8. How did he get the possession?
9. What was the name of the village which developed into the city of Madras?
10. What is the oldest name of the site on which Delhi is situated?

See Page No. VIII

THE WORLD OF FACTS, SCIENCE, INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES

1. How many planets are there in our Solar System?
2. Which one is the largest of the planets?
3. Which one is the smallest planet?
4. Which one is nearest to the Sun?
5. What is the position of the Earth in distance from the Sun?
6. Is there anything else in the Solar system apart from the planets?
7. Which one is the brightest star visible to us?
8. Which planet was discovered through mathematics?

See Page No VIII



1. Who is the personality who figures in hundreds of stories as he had lived many lives?
2. What is the name of the collection of such stories?
3. Which state of India is believed to have emerged from the sea at the instance of Parasurama?
4. What is the name of Arjuna's conch-shell?
5. Who is the mother of the cows?
6. In which temple of India the deity is seen as a bride yet to be wedded?
7. What is the name of the demon destroyed by this deity?
8. What is the name of the bow which Rama used to kill Ravana?
9. Who had given the bow to him?
10. What is the name of the sword used by Ravana?
11. Who had given it to him?

See Page No VIII

LET US LEARN A WORD IN ALL INDIAN LANGUAGES

= MOUNTAIN =

Assamese : *Parvat*; Bengali : *Parvat*; English : *Mountain* ; Gujarati : *Parvat*; Hindi : *Pahad*; Kannada : *Parvata*; Kashmiri : *Koh, Pahad*; Malayalam : *Parvatam*; Marathi : *Parvat*; Oriya : *Parvat*; Punjabi : *Pahad*; Sanskrit : *Parvata*; Sindhi : *Javlu*; Tamil : *Malai*; Telugu : *Parvatamu*; Urdu : *Pahad, Koh*.

DO YOU BELIEVE ?

- That plastic surgery is a modern science?
- The birds stay in the air by flapping their wings?
- That lightning never strikes twice at the same spot?

OH, NO!

- Susruta, the Indian surgeon who lived in the 8th-7th century B.C. applied the same principles of surgery.
- Birds can stay in the air for hours at a stretch without flapping their wings.
- It can strike a spot or monument any number of times.

ANSWERS

WHO IS HE?

Chanakya or Kautilya. The young man is Chandragupta Maurya.

INDIA'S PAST

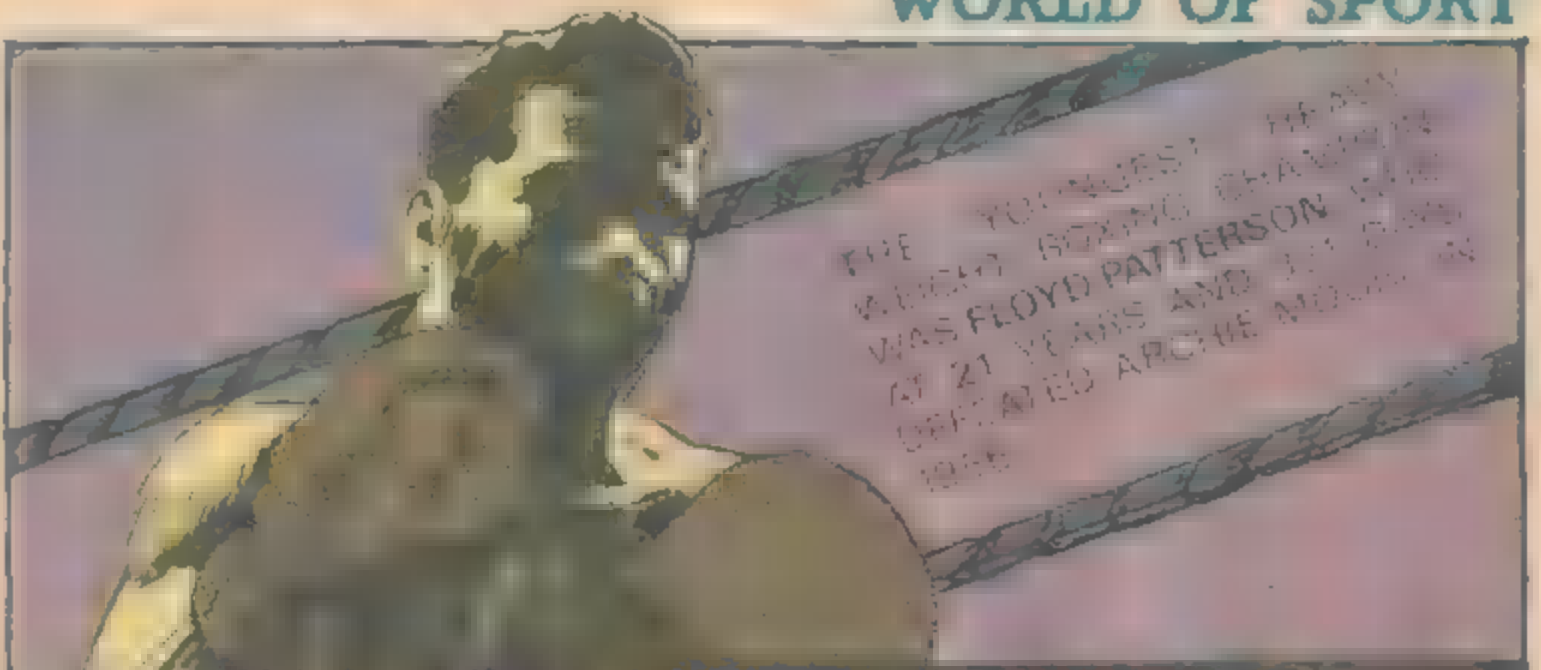
1. Rupees twelve hundred.
2. Sabarna Roy Choudhury
3. Job Charnock.
4. Kalighat, Govindpore and Sutanati.
5. Bombay.
5. The Portuguese.
7. General Albuquerque, in 1534.
8. Through a treaty with the Sultan Bahadur Shah of Gujarat.
9. Madraspatam.
10. Indraprastha.

THE WORLD OF FACTS

1. Nine, including the Earth.
2. Jupiter, with an equatorial diameter of 88, 846 miles.
3. Pluto, with a diameter of 1,860 miles.
4. Mercury.
5. Third.
6. Countless small bodies or asteroids float in the Solar system, particularly between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter.
7. Sirius A, popularly known as the Dog Star.
8. Planet Neptune.

LITERATURE AND MYTHOLOGY

1. The Buddha.
2. The Jataka Stories.
3. Kerala.
4. Devadutta.
5. Kamadhenu, also known as Surabhi or Nandini.
6. Kanya Kumari.
7. Banasura.
8. Indradhanush.
9. Sage Agastya.
10. Chandrahasa.
11. Lord Siva.



THE YOUNGEST HEAVY
WEIGHT BOXING CHAMPION
WAS FLOYD PATTERSON WHO
AT 21 YEARS AND 111 DAYS
DEFEATED ARCHE MORGAN
1955

YOUNGEST HEAVYWEIGHT

RUGBY LEAGUE

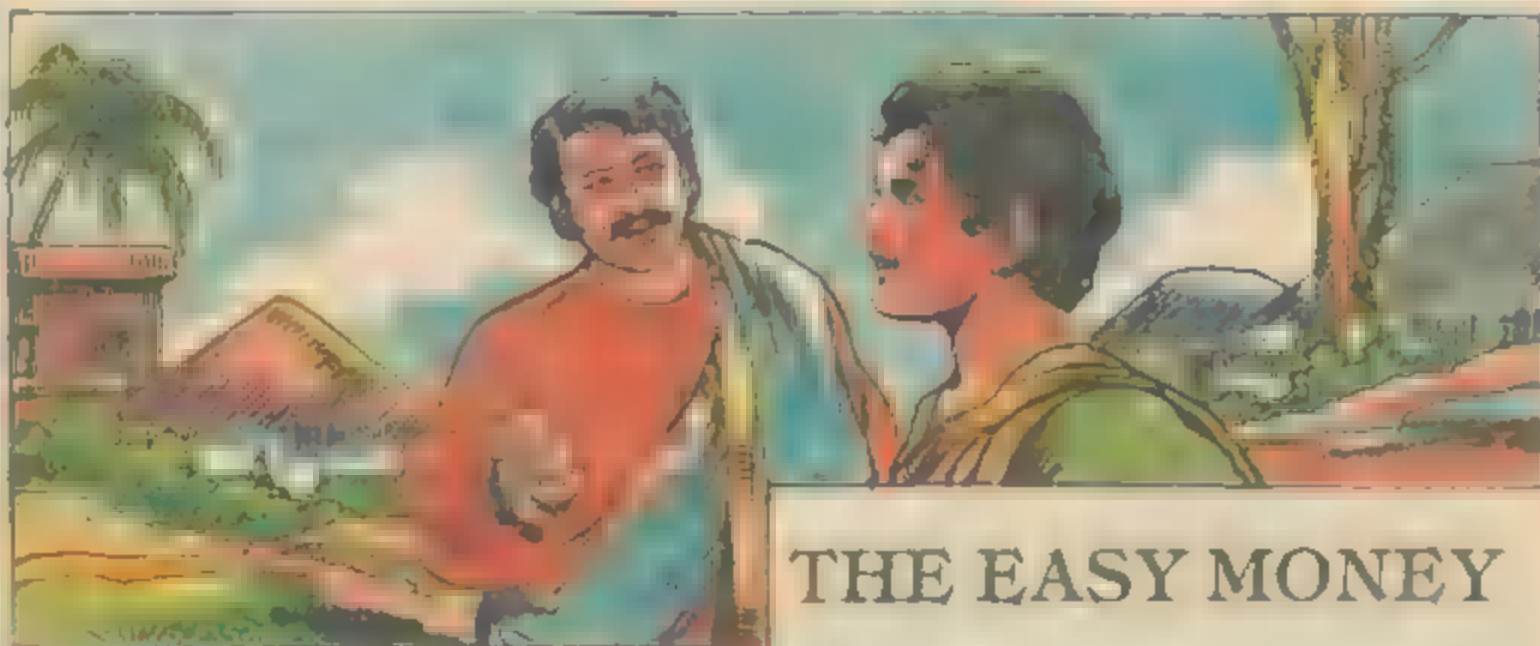
RUGBY LEAGUE FOOTBALL
BROKE AWAY FROM RUGBY
UNION IN 1895. THE MODERN
FORM OF THE GAME (13 PLAYERS
INSTEAD OF 15 IN A TEAM)
EMERGED IN 1905. THE TITLE
'RUGBY LEAGUE' WAS ADOPTED
IN 1922.



GRAND NATIONAL



THE FIRST GRAND NATIONAL WAS HELD IN
1839, AND WAS CALLED THE GRAND LIVER-
POOL STEEPLECHASE. IT GOT ITS PRESENT TI-
TLE IN 1843.



THE EASY MONEY

Prasad of village Bhimpalli was an orphan. Besides, he had hardly any property apart from the house in which he lived and a small plot of land adjacent to it.

He would very much like to marry Susheela, the daughter of the village school teacher. He knew that Susheela too would be happy to marry him. But he did not dare to put forth the proposal.

Suddenly his maternal uncle, who lived in Vishnupur five miles away, died. The uncle had left twenty-five thousand rupees for him. The news reached Bhimpalli. The villagers congratulated Prasad. Prasad went to his uncle's village and collected the amount from the village chief in whose custody the money lay. When he took leave of the village chief, the latter said, "By the way, Prasad, please tell Haridas of your village that we have liked his daughter.

We can now proceed to fix the wedding date."

"It will be my pleasure to inform Haridas about it, Sir," said Prasad.

On reaching Bhimpalli, Prasad met Haridas and said, "What to say, Haridas, I got the money, but I am empty-handed now. Please don't ask me what happened to it. Can you give me a hundred rupees as loan?"

"I am so sorry to hear about your loss. But what will you do with the hundred rupees and when will you pay me back my money?" asked Haridas.

"I propose to buy a piece of land by raising loans from several people. I will work hard and pay back the loans in a year by selling the crop," said Prasad.

"But what if the crop fails?" asked Haridas.

"As you know, I have a house.

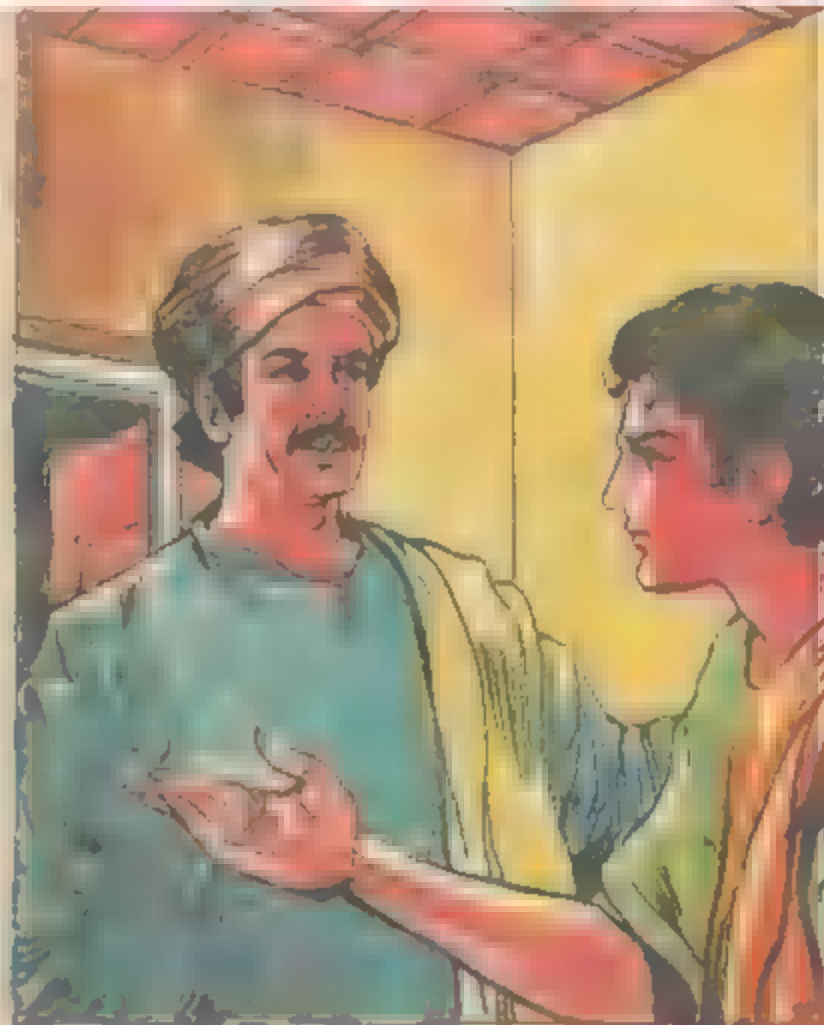
"I can sell the house for paying back the loans!" replied Prasad. "And I must give you a great news. The village chief of Vishnupur asked me to inform you that they have liked your daughter and now the date for her wedding with his son should be fixed," Prasad added.

"Thank you, Prasad, for bringing me such a good news," said Haridas. Of course, he gave hundred rupees to Prasad.

Prasad borrowed money from others too and bought an acre of fertile land. He worked hard. There was a good crop. At the end of the year he paid each of his debtors half of his loan. Nobody insisted on a full payment because all knew Prasad to be honest and hard-working. Besides all were under the impression that he had lost the money that had come to him as a windfall. They sympathised with him.

The crop was even better the next year. Prasad paid back all the loans. Soon Susheela's father proposed Susheela's marriage with him and they were married!

After the marriage Susheela asked Prasad, "You raised loans by assuring your debtors that if the crop fails you will sell your house and pay back their money.

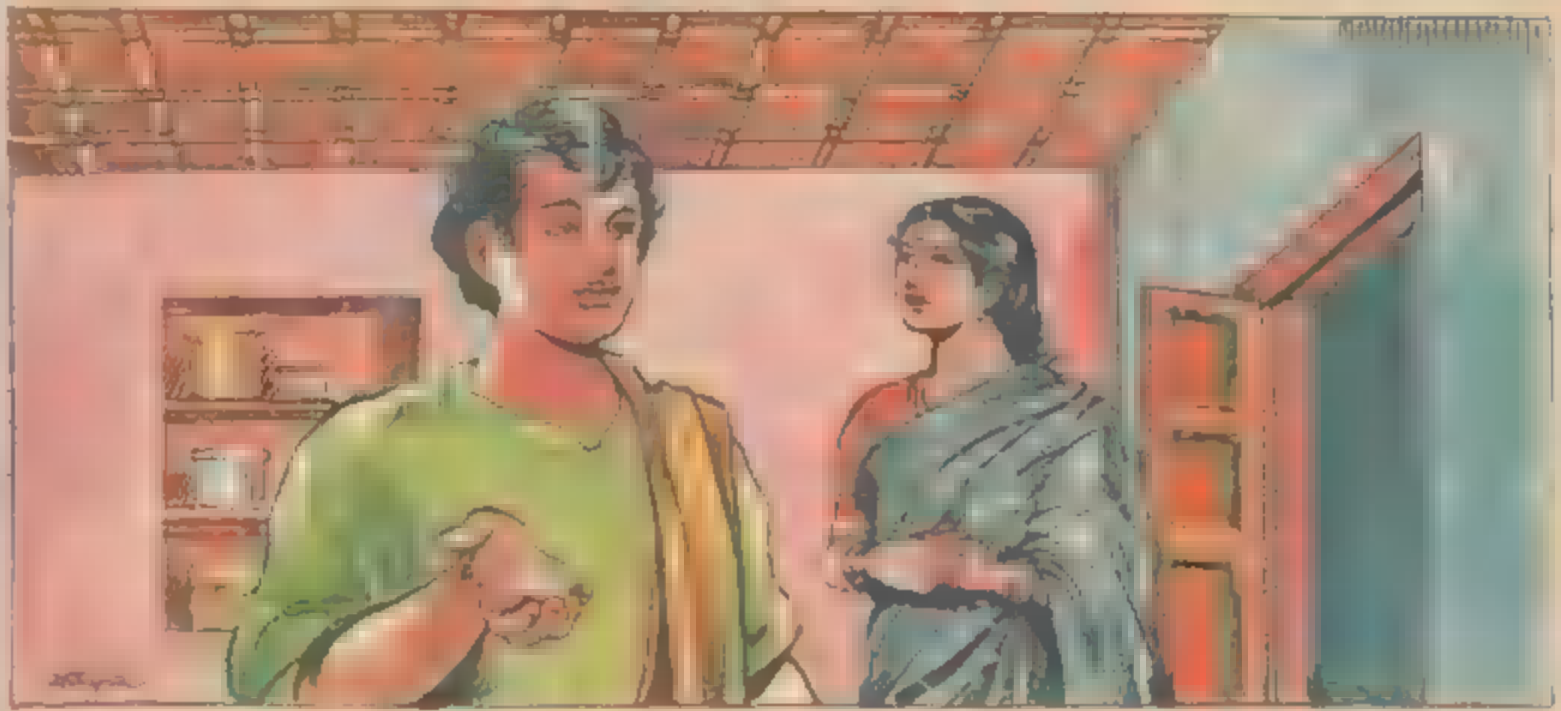


Your house was always with you. Why did you not arrange to buy lands earlier?"

"Susheela, I could now speak of selling the house because I have the twenty-five thousand rupees with me. Not that I would have really sold the house. If the land would not have yielded a good crop, I would have paid them from this amount of twenty-five thousand!" answered Prasad.

"What! Is it not a fact that the money you got was somehow lost?" asked Susheela.

"I have never told anybody that it was lost. I deposited it in the king's treasury where it is safe. I told Haridas that the money I got



is not with me. That is all!" replied Prasad.

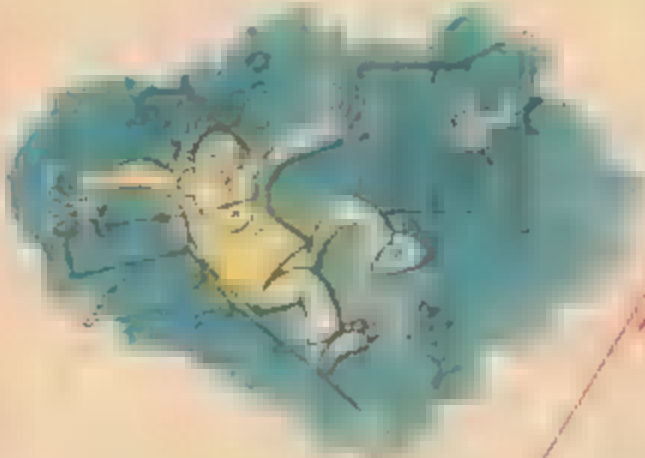
"But what was the necessity of saying like that?" asked Susheela, amused.

"It is a general tendency with people that they will have an eye on the money of anybody who has got it easily, without much labour. Don't forget that I was required to inform Haridas that the proposal for his daughter's marriage had been accepted. It would

have been most natural for him to ask me to lend him some money!" explained Prasad.

"Instead, you made him pay you!" commented Susheela, laughing.

"I did, but I am a believer in honest labour. I am glad that I have paid back the amounts of money I borrowed from different people through my labour," said Prasad.



It is good to sleep with windows open, but not while you are in a submarine.

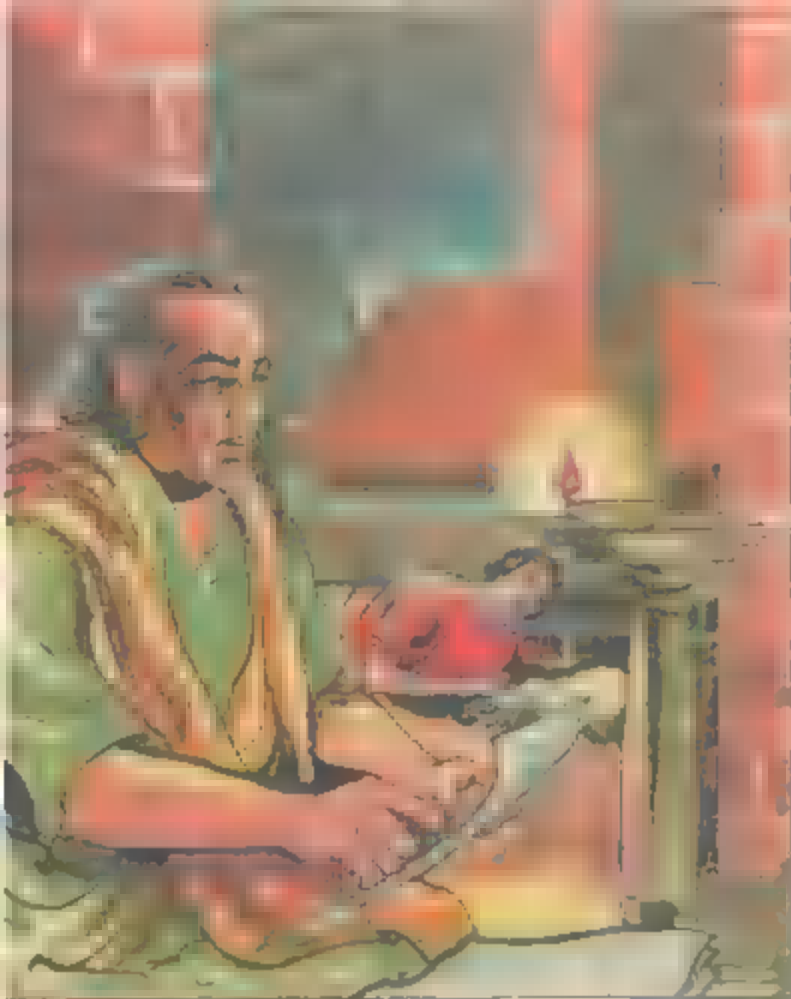


New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire

SELFISH OR HONEST?

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Gusts of wind shook the trees. At the intervals of thunderclaps and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying ~~on~~ his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse spoke, "What you are doing at this unearthly hour is something that deserves praise. But for whom are you doing this — for yourself or for ~~himself~~ else? Sometimes it is not easy to detect the selfish motives of clever people. Take the example of Ravindra Verma, the merchant. Could he understand how selfish Jaykumar had been? He could not. Let me narrate the



will not fail in this either."

Verma was inspired. He bought a ship and started for Java, loading his ship with precious wares. The voyage was quite rewarding. He returned with more profit than he had expected to make. Soon he withdrew himself from other trades and concentrated on trading with lands beyond the sea.

Once, in order to collect certain items for exporting them abroad, he had come to Jajpur, a well-known city in Kalinga in olden days. He was in an inn. At night he was busy making some calculations. Though he was so efficient in trade, he was not so in arithmetic.

His room was shared by a young man. At midnight he said to Verma, "Sir, what makes you burn the midnight lamp?"

"Young man, I am sorry if I am disturbing your sleep," said Verma.

"Sir, it is true that I cannot sleep properly if someone remains awake and keeps a lamp alight in my room. But that is not the reason why I talked to you. You seem to be struggling with some calculations. I love calculation and I somehow feel that I can help you in solving your problem

incident to you. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: "In the port-town of Tamralipta lived Ravindra Verma, a prosperous merchant. He had tried with a variety of businesses and he was successful in all of them. That was a time when Tamralipta was a quite famous seat of trade. Several merchants began their voyages to distant lands and islands from there.

Some of Verma's friends told him, "Why should you not try your luck in business across the sea? You have been successful in so many trades. We are sure, you

if you let me do so," said the young man with great humility.

Verma was feeling annoyed with himself for his inefficiency at calculation. The young man's offer — particularly the way he made it — charmed him. He told him how much he had paid to the city merchants, how much worth of promises he had received, how much he was required to pay, etc. The young man made a fresh draft of the account and in ten minutes solved his problem.

Verma was immensely pleased. "Who are you?" he asked the young man.

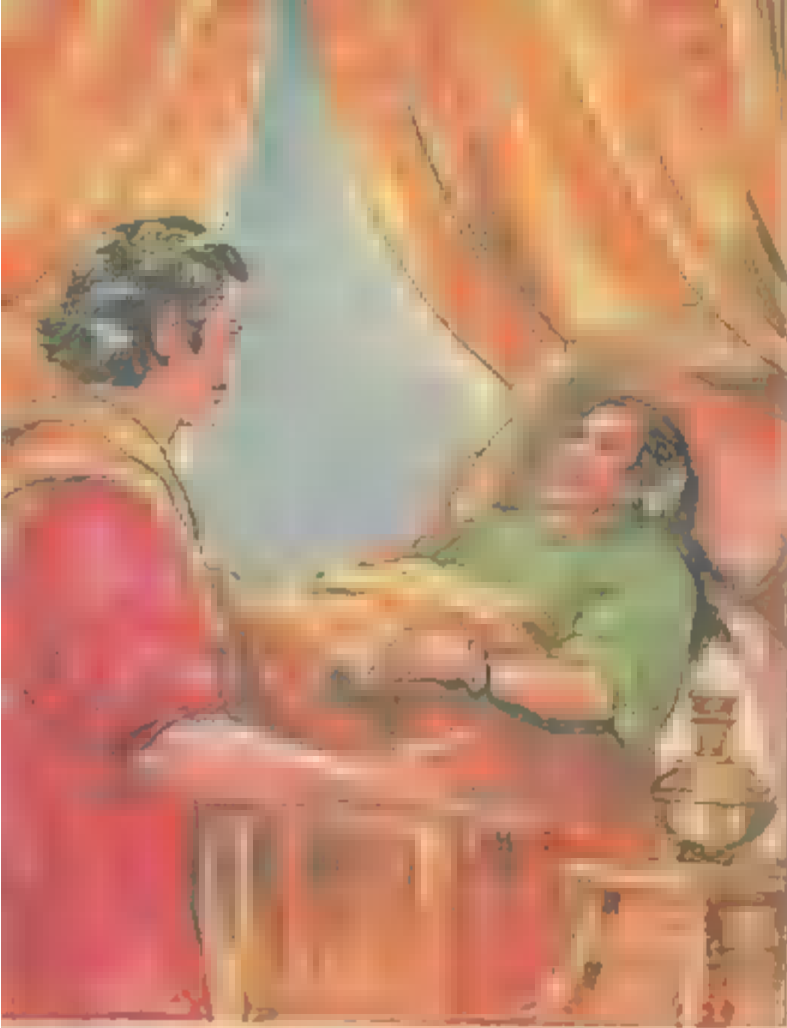
"Sir, I don't mind narrating my story to you. But you are ■ busy

merchant. It seems you have a lot of work to do tomorrow. Better go to sleep now," suggested the young man.

Verma accepted his suggestion and slept in peace. In the morning he listened to the young man's story while eating his breakfast. There was nothing unusual in his story. His name was Jaykumar. His father was a trader. But once he gave much loss in his business. He grew mad and died. Jaykumar had lost his mother earlier. Now he had come to Jajpur in search of ■ job.

"If you are looking for a job, I can give one to you if you are willing to come down to Tamralip-





la," said Verma.

"Sir, I have no obligation towards anybody nor have I any liability. I can proceed anywhere you would like to send me — within the country or outside," said Jaykumar.

Verma was happy. He took Jaykumar to Tamralipta. On his next voyage to the Malay peninsula, Jaykumar accompanied him as his assistant. Jaykumar proved quite talented and dependable. By and by he took over the management of Verma's entire business.

Three years passed. Verma was getting ready to launch a voyage to Bali, loading his ship with In-

dian silk, when he took ill. He advised Jaykumar to proceed alone. He said, "I expect a profit of about a lakh of rupees. Don't worry if it is less. You need not spend more than a month in Bali."

Jaykumar proceeded to Bali. The merchants on the island knew him as Verma's able assistant. They took good care of him. Two other traders from India advised Jaykumar not to sell his commodity in a hurry. If you wait for six weeks, you can sell your wares at a much greater profit, for we know that some merchants from Sumatra will be here and they are eager to buy Indian textiles."

Jaykumar thanked them for their counsel, but he sold his wares as soon as he could and began his return voyage. Of course he had made a profit of over a lakh of rupees.

Verma was much pleased. "Jaykumar, get ready for another voyage. You are no longer my salaried assistant, but my partner. Half of the profit you make is yours," he said.

Jaykumar bowed to Verma in a sincere feeling of gratefulness. He proceeded to the island of Bali, this time carrying diamonds with him. He proposed to be there for

a fortnight, but one of his well-wishers in the trading community told him in confidence, "Look here, I have just come to know that those diamond merchants who visit this island annually, are not coming this year. The princess of this kingdom is to get married after three months. As soon as the queen returns from her parents' house in Java, they will look for jewellery and diamonds. You can then make a much greater profit."

Jaykumar accepted the counsel and waited. After two months he sold his diamonds at a value much higher than he had stipulated. Just then he heard that there was a great demand for a certain kind of Balinese condiments in Ceylon. He bought a large quantity of the condiments from Bali and straight sailed for Ceylon. He sold them at the expected good price and returned to Tamralipta.

Verma rejoiced at his spectacular success. One day he told him, "Jaykumar, you know my only daughter, Sushila. You have been seeing her for the past three or four years. I hope, she would make a good match for you. What do you say?"

Jaykumar lowered his eyes and said, "Sir, I look upon you as my



father. I will never murmur on your decision."

"Very good. Let me go ahead with the necessary preparations for your wedding then," said a jubilant Verma.

Verma had an intimate friend in another merchant. When he heard about the proposal, he told Verma, "My friend, I don't know Jaykumar too well. But my impression is, he is selfish. Once, when he was an employee of yours, we advised him to stay or a few weeks more in Bali so that he could have sold the textiles he carried at double the usual price. But he did not respect our sage counsel. Now that he is your part-

ner, enjoying half the share in your profit, he easily passed three months in Bali. He even went to Ceylon. Is it not ■ trait of selfishness?"

"No, my friend, he is faithful and he is confident," said Verma. His friend kept quiet. The wedding took place with great pomp and show.

The vampire paused for a moment and then demanded of King Vikram in ■ challenging tone, "How to justify Verma's comment on Jaykumar? Verma was obviously blind in his estimate of the young man! How could he assert that Jaykumar was faithful and confident? Answer me, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck."

King Vikram replied forthwith. "Jaykumar was ■ salaried assistant of Verma when he went on his first voyage to Bali, alone. To obey the master's instruction is the trait of ■ faithful employee. Verma had told Jaykumar that he need not tarry in Bali for more than a month. Had Verma not given such an instruction, he would have exercised his own discretion. On his second voyage he had automatically gained the right to take his own decision. That he could take ■ decision, when he had the freedom to do so, without depending on Verma, shows that he had confidence in himself. Hence Ravindra Verma's comment was entirely correct."

No sooner had King Vikram finished giving the answers than the Vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



CAESAR IS NOT ABOVE THE GRAMMARIANS

Sujata of Pune writes to inform us of a situation that was created years ago in her High School. A certain big official of the Education department who visited the school made some mistake in writing his observations on the school. The haughty headmaster looked at the writing and said, "Caesar is not above the grammarians!"

Sujata feels that the official did not understand what the headmaster meant to say. It was ■■ embarrassing situation.

Twelve years have passed and Sujata has developed an eagerness to know what the headmaster meant!

We must know the origin of the phrase in order to make a reasonable guess of the learned headmaster's intention. The ancient Roman leaders were known for their oratorical power and use of proper language. Perhaps you know that after Julius Caesar, the rulers of Rome bore the title 'Caesar'. Once Claudius Tiberius (42 B.C. to A.D. 37) who succeeded Augustus Caesar made a grammatical mistake during his speech. One of the noblemen, a grammarian, pointed out the mistake. A courtier defended Tiberius by saying that what was wrong beforehand should henceforth be considered right, because Caesar had said it! To this, the grammarian gave the report: "Caesar, you can grant citizenship to men, but not to words!" The saying under discussion resulted from this incident.

The official of the Education department must have made some error in writing his comments. The comments were perhaps not very pleasing to the headmaster. Instead of commenting on the official's comments, he commented on his language. The headmaster meant to say that even though the official carried authority with him he was not exempted from the rules of grammar.

What does *Franglais* mean? Is it a regular English word? asks Susan of Pondicherry.

Yes, *Franglais* (pronounced *fra-gle* is ■■ English word, resulting from *Francais* and *Anglais*. *Franglais* means French with several English words thrown into it.





THE UNWARRANTED KINDNESS

Subas and his wife, Vasanti, had just entered their new flat in the town when they were greeted by a couple. "So, you are the party to become our neighbour! Welcome. Do not feel shy to tell us if you face any difficulty," said the man who introduced himself as Chand and introduced his wife ■ Leela.

Subas and Vasanti were happy to meet such affable neighbours. It is always good to find some known people at a new place.

Subas and Vasanti were newly married. Subas served as an executive in a business house. After much searching, he had taken it on rent, before bringing Vasanti from his village.

They received Chand and Leela with cups of tea and the two left after an hour of chitchat.

Next day Subas left for his office after an early meal. Vasanti

was about to sit down for her lunch when Leela came in. "Hello my younger sister, what are you doing?"

Well, it was obvious what Vasanti was doing! Out of courtesy she asked, "Will you care to share my lunch?"

"Why not, since we are sisters!" said Leela. They took food together.

Subas was back from his office before it was dark. He had just washed and changed clothes when Chand came in, "So, how did the day go?" he asked, all smiles. It was not necessary for Subas to ask him to sit down. Chand made himself comfortable and started enjoying the snacks and the tea Vasanti brought for Subas and the guest. Vasanti wanted to visit the nearby temple with her husband. But that was not possible, because Chand kept on talking with him

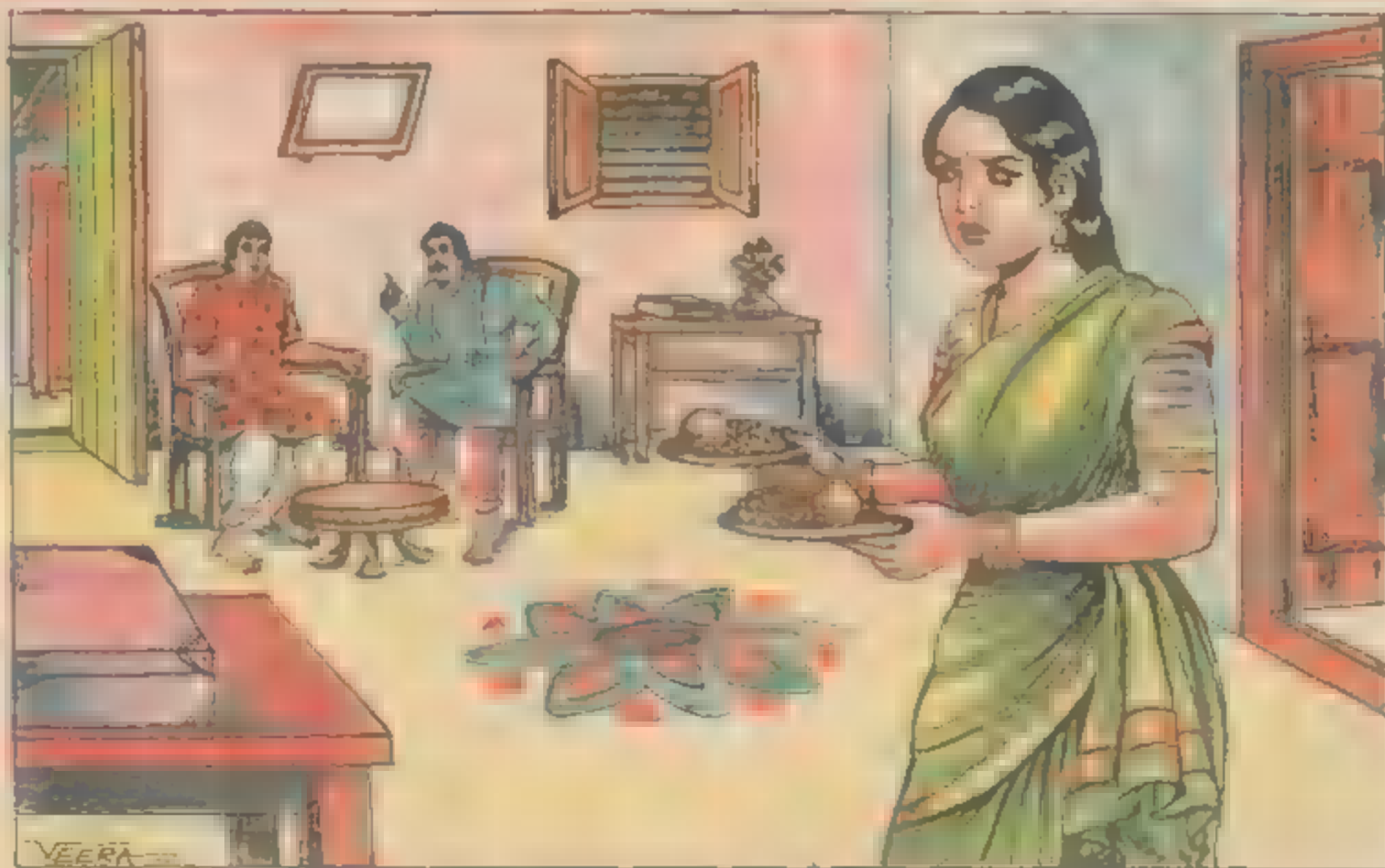
till it was late.

It fell into a routine. Leela would walk in regularly before Vasanti took her lunch and would share her lunch, always showing as if she was doing ■ favour to Vasanti. She would go on telling stories in which Vasanti had no interest whatsoever. Vasanti wished to enjoy a little nap in the afternoon. But Leela would not let her have that luxury! Then, as soon as Subas would be back from his office, Chand would arrive. Vasanti did not mind serving Chand with snacks and tea every day, but what she resented was their inability to do anything purposeful in the evening. Vasanti

wished to see the town, visit the temples and the lakeside, or once in ■ while to go to the market with her husband, but Chand did not give Subas that freedom.

Vasanti told her husband, "What if you tell the neighbour frankly that we wish to visit the temple?" But Subas was so gentle and shy by nature that he was unable to disappoint a guest.

One day Chand told Subas, "My brother, I will be away for two days. Kindly look into the needs of your sister-in-law." Subas promised to do so. Next day, on his way to his office, he met Leela and asked her if she needed any assistance. "Oh yes. I am rather



unwell. Can you buy a few things for me on your way back from your office?" asked Leela and she handed over a scrap of paper to Subas. It was a long list of items she needed. Subas faithfully purchased them in the evening and brought them to Leela. He had spent two hundred rupees over the purchases. Leela, however, did not raise the question of paying him any amount. Subas hoped to receive the payment on Chand's return. But Chand too did not make any mention of it when he was back.

Days passed. The conduct of Chand and Leela was becoming unbearable. After a fortnight Subas was required to pay a visit

to his village. "Please do as I say. Leave a hundred rupees with Chand, advising him that he should buy for me anything I need," proposed Vasanti.

"I have already lost two hundred rupees. Must I lose yet another hundred?" wondered Subas.

"It will not be lost: In fact this hundred will bring back the lost amount of two hundred rupees. Leave the matter to me," assured Vasanti.

Subas left for his village after meeting Chand and handing over to him the money

Late in the afternoon Chand



arrived and asked Vasanti, "Can I do anything for you, my sister? Why are you looking so sad?"

"I am indeed very sad," confessed Vasanti while preparing tea for Chand. "I want to help my parents with some money, without my husband's knowledge. The fact is, he does not like them. Can you kindly sell one of my gold ornaments?" she asked.

"Gladly," said Chand. His eyes were bright at the prospect of keeping some money for himself from the sale-proceeds. "But, my brother, I cannot give you the ornament today, for it is an auspicious day and a woman is not supposed to sell her ornaments on such days. At the same time, I must send at least three hundred rupees to them today. In fact, a man from my father's village will come for the purpose this evening," said Vasanti.

"Look here, my sister, I owe you two hundred rupees. Your husband has left one hundred rupees with me. Take the three hundred today and do the needful. Sell your ornament through me tomorrow!" said Chand enthusiastically.

"That is a good idea," said



Vasanti.

Chand brought the money and gave it to Vasanti.

But next day, in the morning, when Chand came to meet Vasanti, he saw her sitting like one struck dumb.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Chand.

"Our house was burgled at night. All my ornaments and valuables are gone. Either we must come over to your house or you must lend me enough money to help us pull on till the first of the next month, when my husband will receive his salary!" said Vasanti.

It was now Chand's turn to



stand as if struck dumb! But soon he got back his voice and said, "Well, the problem is, we are having some guests today and both of us are keeping busy as one of the guests is ill."

"Then, my brother, go and attend upon your ailing guest. I will see what can be done," Vasanti

consoled him.

Neither Chand nor Leela was to be seen again. Subas was back in the evening. He was happy that his money had been recovered. Thereafter whenever Chand or Leela saw Subas or Vasanti, they pretended not to have seen them. Subas and Vasanti were left in peace.

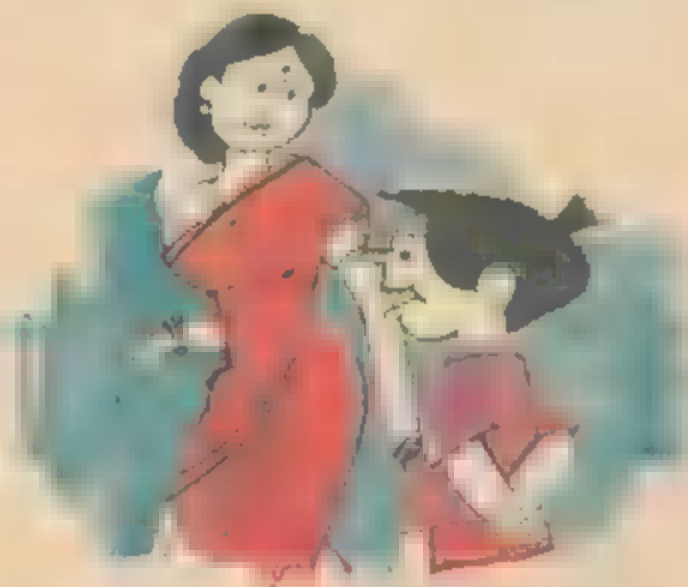
THE HABITUAL CRIER

The little Sujana was heard crying for quite sometime. "What's the matter with Sujana?" the mother asked her elder son, Kishore, from the next room.

"He is a habitual crier, mother. Just now he is crying because I am eating my chocolate I won't give him any," replied Kishore.

"Why, is his own chocolate finished?" asked the mother.

"Yes, He also cried while I was eating that. Did I not say he is a habitual crier?" promptly replied Kishore.





SAGA OF NEHRU (6)

In the autumn of 1920, a session of the National Congress took place in Calcutta. Lala Lajpat Rai, who had just returned from the U.S.A. after a long stay, presided over it.

Gandhiji wanted the Congress to declare that Indians should stop co-operating with the British government in all respects. But most of the old leaders were not in favour of it. However, Motilal Nehru supported Gandhiji.



The character of the Congress was fast changing. It was no longer an institution of aristocrats. Khadi-clad delegates coming from the lower middle classes were becoming Congressmen. They approved the idea of non-cooperation.



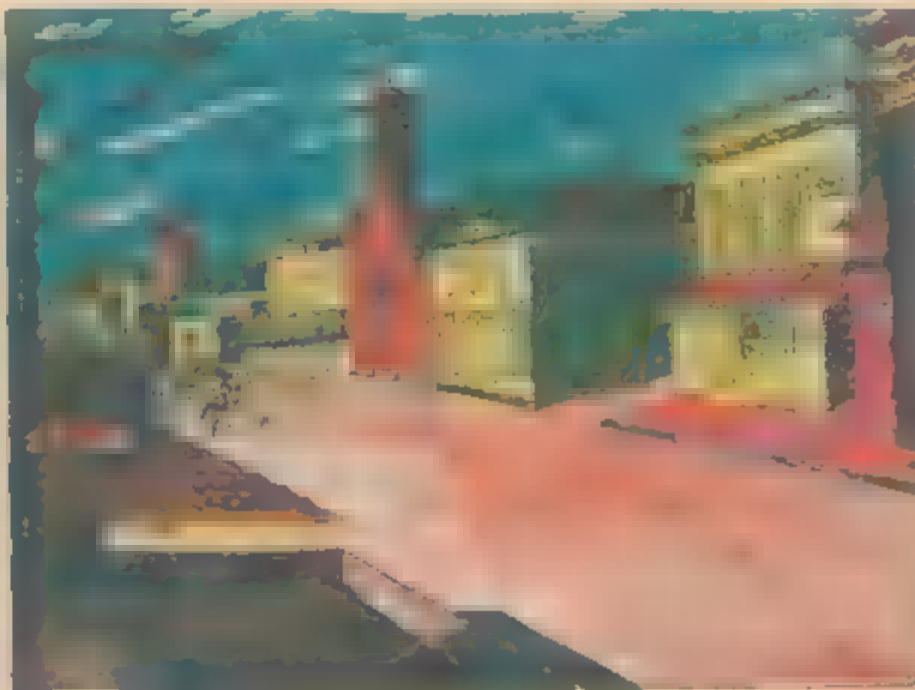
Among those who did not feel comfortable with this new character the Congress was assuming was A. Jinnah. His temperament was quite different from the new spirit emerging in the Congress.

After the Congress Jawaharlal accompanied Gandhiji to Santiniketan. The meeting between Gandhiji and Rabindranath Tagore was a memorable event. Gandhiji called Tagore *Boro Dada* the elder brother.



The non-cooperation spread. Just in two months, during December 1921 and January 1922 about 30,000 people were sentenced to imprisonment. Jawaharlal was arrested. This was his first experience of Jail.

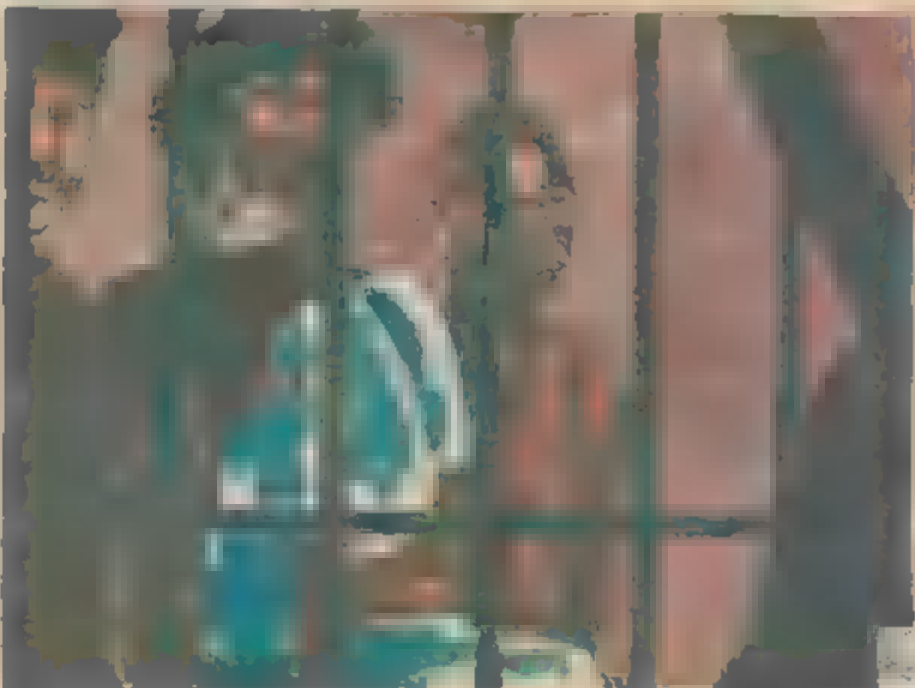
The Prince of Wales, the future emperor of the British Empire, visited India. The Congress gave a call to boycott his functions. In cities like Bombay and Calcutta, streets were deserted when the royal procession passed.



At this time a mob in a village Chauri Chaura set fire to a police station as they had been much provoked by the police. The fire resulted in the death of several policemen. Gandhiji called off the national agitation, because he did not approve of such violence.



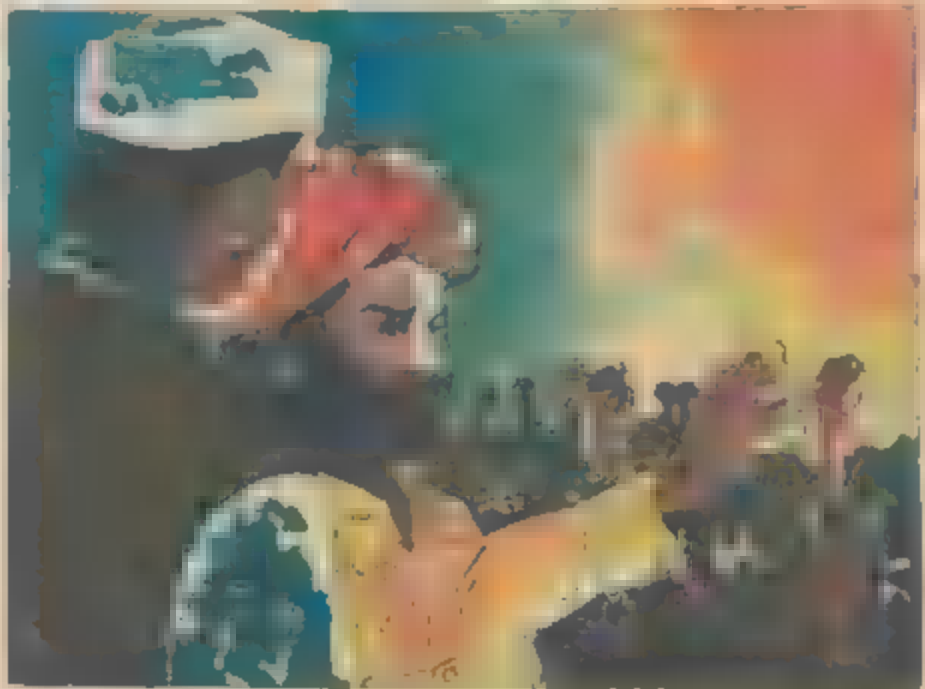
Jawaharlal was not in favour of calling off a national movement for a stray act of violence. The other leaders also disapproved of Gandhiji's attitude. But Gandhiji was firm in his opinion. Soon after that Gandhiji was arrested.





Jawaharlal was twice in jail consecutively. But he had a taste of the law in the native states of India, in 1923. The Maharaja of Nabha, in Punjab, was deposed by the British. An I.C.S. officer became the administrator. He stopped a religious ceremony of the Sikhs at Jaito.

As a protest, groups of Sikhs marched to Jaito to continue the ceremony. They were stopped and beaten up. Jawaharlal and his colleagues, Santhanam and Gidwani went there to study the situation.



Jawaharlal and Santhanam were handcuffed together and marched through the streets of the small town. The whole night they remained handcuffed, lodged in a dungeon like cell where at night a rat scamped on Jawaharlal's face!

— To Continue



THE IDEA

Three sepoys of Amarpuri, who were patrolling the frontier of their kingdom, caught hold of a spy. He came from the neighbouring kingdom, Jainagar. Amarpuri and Jainagar were ■ loggerheads.

The sepoys dragged the spy with them. It was ■ tiring journey to the capital. They decided to take rest for a while under a tree. They tied the spy to the tree and relaxed for an hour.

Then they felt hungry. Only food they could lay their hands on was a bagful of sweetmeats the spy was carrying.

As they divided the sweets, one of them said, "What if these are poisoned? What if he was carrying them in order to kill his captors?"

The other two sepoys nodded in appreciation of his suspicion. "Let us make the fellow eat one

first!" one of the sepoys proposed. They gave ■ sweetmeat to the spy. He ate it and said, "Gentleman, I am ■ hungry as you are. There are plenty of sweetmeats. Give me at least two more!"

The sepoys did not give him any more, but waited to see if the sweetmeats had any bad effect on him.

But nothing happened to the spy even after half an hour. Satisfied that the sweetmeats were free of any poison, the sepoys ate them.

Then they resumed their walk, leading the spy along. Suddenly the spy collapsed on the road. "What happened?" asked the sepoys.

"My friends, let me tell you the fact, now that I am dying. The sweetmeats were poisoned. Such is the poison that it works after



half an hour or so. My only regret is, I shall die after suffering much pain, because you gave me only one sweetmeat despite my request for two or three more. Since you fellows have eaten at least half a dozen each, you will meet with sudden death once the poison begins to work!" said the spy.

"Let us leave this naughty fellow to his painful death and let us run to a physician for saving

ourselves! Only half an hour is there!" cried out a sepoy. All the three ran away.

The spy got up and ran towards his country. He reported to the king, "They gave me the idea of the poison and I put the idea to the best possible use!"

The king and his courtiers had a hearty laugh. The spy was rewarded amply.

CAUSED BY EMPTINESS

Nina complained to her mother of having an ache in her stomach.

"Your stomach is empty and yet you have been playing. Put something in your stomach and you will be relieved of the ache," said the mother.

Nina ate and found the ache gone. In the evening they went to a meeting addressed by a celebrity. After his speech, the celebrity sat down. Nina's mother said, "I am having a headache."

Helpfully Nina put forth her advice, "Your head is empty and yet you have been talking. Put something in your head and you will be relieved of the ache."





THE ROYAL DREAMS

Chandrasen, the young king of Sapanpur was a good man, but he was rather naive and innocent. Luckily he had an able general and a wise minister to take care of the kingdom.

The king believed that whatever he dreamt would become true. The minister had once or twice tried to convince him that dreams did not necessarily become true, but he was not convinced.

One day early in the morning the king summoned his minister and his general and told them, "I dreamt that a black snake had crept into my bedroom. What to do?"

The king was still in his bed. The general made a thorough search in the room and told him, "My lord, there is not even a cockroach in your bedroom, what to speak of a snake!"

The king was consoled.

Khappar Singh, who stood guard on the king's bedroom snooped and heard what the king told his two top officers. Two days later he managed to catch a small snake. He kept it in a small box and kept the box in his pocket. At night, he opened the box and slipped the snake into the king's bedroom, through the window. Then he started banging on the king's door.

Immediately a number of palace servants came rushing to the spot. They tried to stop the guard from what he was doing. Some thought that he had gone mad! At last the king, who always enjoyed sound sleep, opened the door and hollered at the small crowd of servants and guards, "How dare you disturb my sleep? I will behead you all!"

Khappar Singh stepped forward and showed his head and



said, "My lord, my head is at your disposal. But before doing anything to it, kindly allow us to search your room. I saw a snake creeping into it."

The king stood aghast. The search began. Soon the minister and the general came there. The snake was found hiding in a corner of the room. It was killed.

The king looked meaningfully at the minister and the general. But the minister and the general looked meaningfully at Khappar Singh.

In the morning the general summoned Khappar Singh to his house. The general was the boss of all the palace guards. He had the

right to take any of them to task. "You naughty chap!" shouted the general, "Why did you sneak that snake into the king's room?"

"Sir, I did not..."

"Shut up, you wicked and irresponsible fellow. Do you know that you are helping the king to grow superstitious about dreams? Do you realise that it can be harmful to the land? Should you continue with such mischief, I will throw you out of the kingdom!" the general warned Khappar Singh.

Khappar Singh hung his head and returned to the palace. The moment the king saw him, he exclaimed, "Come, my dear Khappar, you saved my life. Here is your reward!" The king gave him his diamond-studded necklace.

Khappar became very proud. At the same time he decided to take his revenge on the general who had insulted him.

After a few days the king called the general and the minister once again and said, "I dreamt that someone is trying to apply some black magic on me, through some wizard. I could not see the face of the fellow, but from his dress it appeared that he was one of my top officers!"

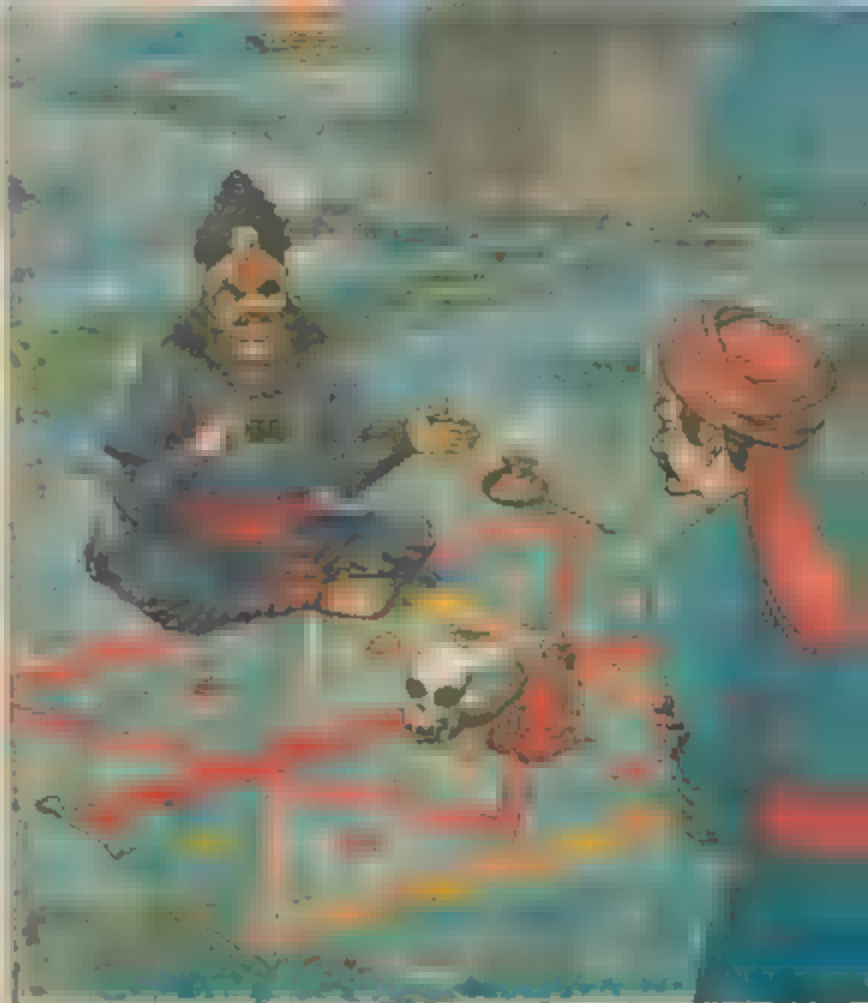
"My lord, a dream is a dream.

We should not lay too much importance on them," said the minister.

"How do you say so? Did not one of my dreams prove true?" demanded the king. The minister and the general had no answer to this. The general, however, looked angrily at Khappar Singh who stood outside the room, listening to them.

Khappar Singh did his duty from the early hours of the night till the king woke up in the morning. He was free during the day. He went to a cremation ground and met a fake wizard and told him that he wanted an enemy of his to suffer. The wizard wanted to know how the enemy looked. Khappar Singh had carried an earthen toy which resembled the king. The wizard chanted some abracadabra on it and pocketed a fee and left the place. The little idol lay there.

Khappar Singh returned to the palace and sought a private audience with the king. When it was granted, he told him, "My lord, I was returning from my father-in-law's village when I was surprised to see our general talking to a wizard near the cremation ground. I stood in hiding and listened to them. The general



wanted the wizard to kill you through his black magic. They performed their rites on a little idol which represented you."

"Yet another dream of mine comes true!" exclaimed the king. "Lead me the way to the cremation ground," he said. Both went there and the king found the idol lying there. He was convinced about the veracity of Khappar Singh's statement. At once he got the general arrested and threw him into gaol.

The minister was shocked. But what can he do? He could not sleep at night; he could not eat. Meanwhile Khappar Singh was promoted to the rank of a cour-

tier. He was given a fine house, servants, horses and a fat monthly allowance.

Two days later suddenly the king summoned the minister and whispered to him, "My good minister, I dreamt that Khappar Singh has raised his sword to kill me. What is to be done?"

"My lord, the only thing to be done immediately is to arrest him! Let me go personally and do it!" exclaimed the happy minister. Forthwith he took some guards with him and reached Khappar Singh's posh house. Khappar was still asleep — his servants informed the minister. But the minister had him dragged from his bed. "You are to be beheaded, Mr. Courtier, for the king has dreamt that you were trying to kill him," informed the minister.

"Save me, save me, sir!" cried

out Khappar Singh at the top of his voice.

"How can anybody save you when the general himself is in gaol?" asked the minister.

"Save me, sir, I am a liar. I must confess that the general is innocent!" cried out Khappar Singh.

"Confess that to the king. Then we will see," said the minister.

Khappar Singh fell at the king's feet and confessed to his tricks and lies. At once the king set free the general and apologised to him. Then he ordered for Khappar Singh's hanging. But the minister humbly told him that it had been his own fault to believe in dreams blindly. Khappar Singh only had taken advantage of his weakness. The king understood. He was satisfied with exiling Khappar Singh.





OUT OF A COIN

Ravi lived in a small house close to the landlord's garden. He laboured for different people and earned just enough to maintain his small family. It consisted of his wife and three children.

One evening his wife was lamenting their fate. "We are doomed to live in poverty forever," she said.

"Only if I could save one rupee, I could multiply it," commented Ravi, with a sigh.

The landlord was enjoying a stroll in his garden. He overheard the dialogue between Ravi and his wife. He took out a one-rupee coin from his pocket and slipped it into Ravi's house and returned home.

In a few minutes Ravi appeared before him. "Sir," he said, "this coin must be yours. I am afraid, a squirrel must have stolen it and thrown it into my house."

The landlord was pleased as well as surprised at Ravi's honesty. "Ravi, since you have got it, treat it as yours. I wish you well," said the landlord.

"Sir, if you really wish me well, do me a small favour. Kindly write out the same thing on a piece of paper, bearing your seal," requested Ravi.

The landlord who really liked Ravi had no objection to writing on a piece of paper bearing his seal that he wished Ravi well.

Ravi went to the village money-lender and paid him the rupee and said, "This is your interest in advance for ten rupees. Give me the money and I will return it by tomorrow."

The village money-lender knew Ravi well. He gave ten rupees to him. Ravi went to the town and met a bigger money-lender and paid him ten rupees and said, "This is your interest in advance



for ■ hundred rupees. Give me the money."

The money-lender had seen Ravi several times with the landlord. He gave him the amount he asked for.

Ravi then went to a still bigger money-lender and gave him the hundred rupees ■ advance interest and borrowed a thousand rupees from him. He then went to the biggest money-lender in the town and gave him as advance interest one thousand rupees and wanted to borrow from him ten thousand rupees.

That was ■ big amount. The money-lender wanted some security. Ravi showed to him the landlord's statement. The

landlord was ■ highly respected man. His statement was like a testimonial for Ravi's honesty. Ravi got ten thousand rupees.

Ravi paid back the third money-lender his thousand rupees, the second money-lender his hundred rupees and the first money-lender his ten rupees. He then met the farmers of his village who cultivated wheat. "I will buy all your wheat," he told them and gave them some money in advance. When the wheat was ripe, the traders from the town, as usual, came to buy it. But to their surprise they saw that all the wheat had been bought by Ravi!

They went to Ravi. "Well," said Ravi, "you know the rules of business. I have bought the wheat to sell it at a higher price. Pay it and take the wheat. ■ am not going to eat all of it!"

The traders were obliged to pay Ravi a price that was more than what Ravi had paid to the farmers. Ravi went to the town and paid back his loan. Even then he was left with a profit of two thousand rupees. There was no grocery shop in his village. He opened a shop investing the profit he had made. He did well in business, for everybody trusted him.

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



M. Netarajan



Anant Desai

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for February '89 goes to :—

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I think that I shall never see,

A poem lovely as a tree.

—Joyce Kilmer

People ask you for criticism, but they only want praise.

—Somerset Maugham

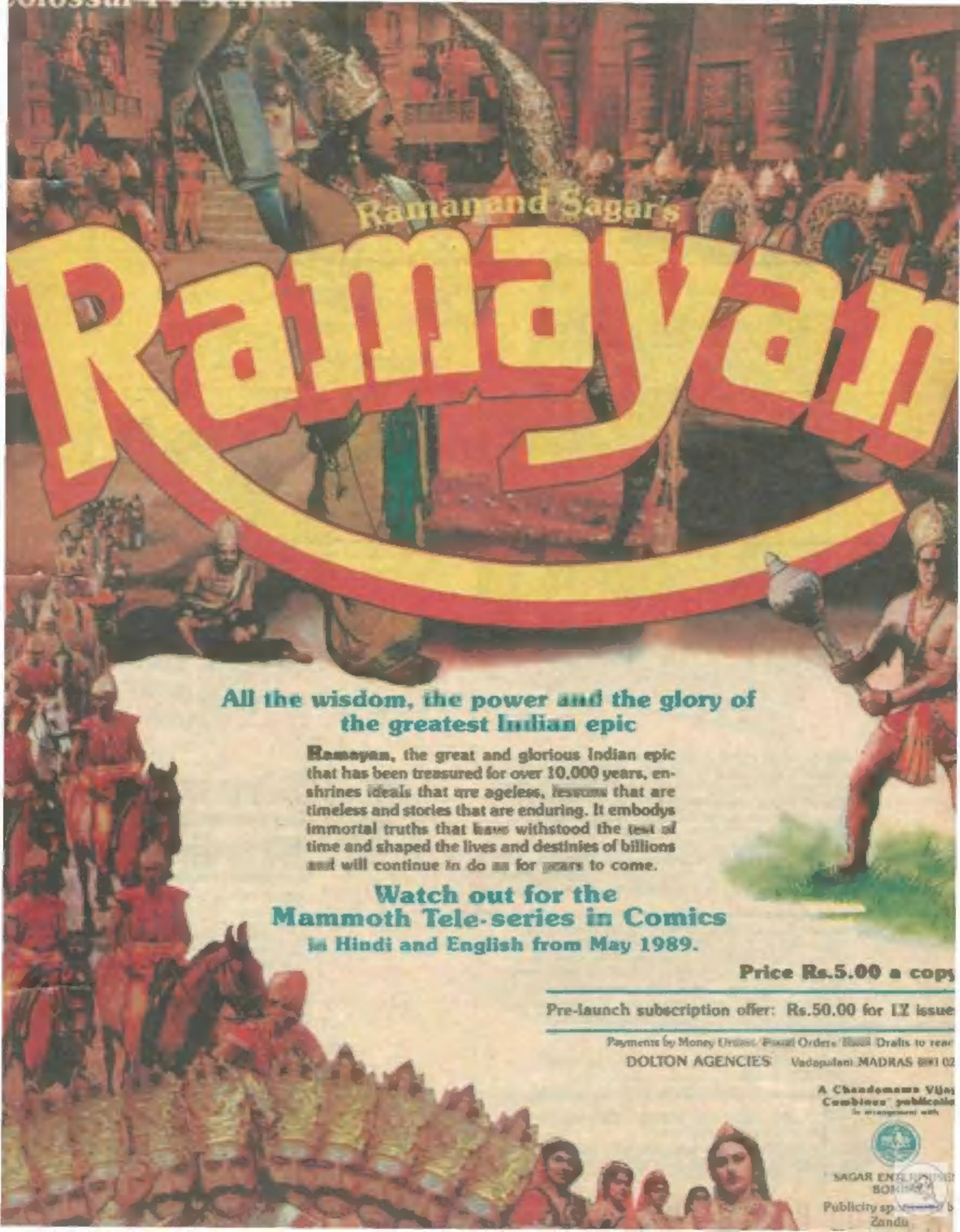
The person who makes no mistakes does not usually make anything.

—Edward John Phelps

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